MODERN ANGLO-IRISH VERSE

PADRIC
GREGORY

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MODERN ANGLO-IRISH VERSE

By Padric Gregory.

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MODERN ANGLO-IRISH VERSE

AN ANTHOLOGY

SELECTED FROM THE WORK OF LIVING IRISH POETS

By
PADRIC GREGORY

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To
GEORGE SIGERSON

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INTRODUCTION

I.

This is an anthology of verse by some living Irish poets. It does not include selections from the work of every one writing verse in Ireland to-day, and I have quoted only from three or four writers who have severed connection with their country and are gone to reside abroad. It is not merely a book of poets and poetasters ; for if the preparation of anything so comprehensive—and for that matter so valueless—had been my aim, I could easily have doubled the number of names herein represented. On the other hand, although this book contains no poem that does not reach a relatively high standard of excellence, as it contains dialect work, historical ballads, and a variety of miscellaneous verse, it cannot be described as an anthology of great poems.

II.

It would be impossible, in my opinion, to compile a volume of the present dimensions consisting of unimpeachably great poems from the English verse of living Irish writers: I do not even think it would be possible to compile such a book from the work of Irish poets living and dead.

For, though Ireland has given to the world the work of many men and women since first the English language was forced on our forebears, not one of her poets, expressing himself in English, can compare with the world's great masters; and the work of but very few can compare favourably in sublimity of thought, in beauty of expression, or in subtlety of craftsmanship with that of the major English poets.

We have Goldsmith and Sheridan, it is true, but they are called Irish poets only because it happened that they were born here. As for the others: Moore, the creator of an amount of lasting lyrical work, is classed as a great poet only by those still in their intellectual teens. Drennan, Cherry, Lysaght, Milliken and a host of others are, to all intents and purposes, like Wolfe, 'single poem poets'; Darley has written scarcely a dozen poems of worth; Callanan and Walsh

drew their inspiration almost entirely from the Gaelic, and will be remembered for their adaptations and translations; Lover and Lever have left us humorous verse, but little poetry, and, assuredly, no great poetry; Griffin does not reach great heights in a single poem; of Davis the same might be said, were it not that the intense and abandoned passion of some of his immortal ballads and songs lifts them far above the level of verse. It must be remembered, too, that though Mangan has left us much beautiful and enduring poetry, little of it is strictly original; and that, as for Ferguson, while he was the greatest Anglo-Irish poet of his day, and indeed one of the greatest of the preceding or subsequent time, he never reached the 'full flower of his genius'; his inspiration was chilled by his unsympathetic environment, wherein most of his contemporary intellectual equals regarded Poetry merely as a means to an end.

And so then, though much good English poetry, and some great English poetry, has been written by Irish men and women during the last two centuries, still, comparatively speaking, we have only begun to write poetry in English; and, apart from the fact that English must always remain a more or less unhappy medium for the true expression of Irish thought, a space of two

hundred years is surely insufficient for a nation to produce two hundred great poems in an alien tongue, the more insufficient too, because that nation has been compelled to remain in a state of perpetual warfare in order to retain even a last vestige of nationality.

III.

As fault has been found with every anthology of verse published, I may scarcely expect this book to receive exceptional treatment. Objection may be offered to my including authors whose names are comparatively unfamiliar to the public ear, to my omission of several whose names are more widely known, to the actual poems by which I have chosen to represent those whose names find a place in my book, and also to my method of arrangement.

As to the inclusion of comparatively unknown writers, they are represented by a little of what pleased me in their work. It is not necessary to defend the selections, and even if it were, the present is not the time, and this is not the place, to appraise any poem in this book. It is compiled wholly of copyright matter; and it would not be seemly for me to sit in judgment on—either to praise or to condemn—the work of those

who have given me of their verse. I am satisfied, however, that no person here represented could with truth be described, by the most fastidious critic, as a poetaster; and I have striven to exclude such, for a dabbler in verse has no claim to be represented in any anthology, even though he may by chance have done good work.

With regard to the omission of the work of some writers of repute, I should like to explain to those who may search here for their favourites that the fault is not mine. I have been compelled to leave out the work of three writers because I could not get into communication with them, and did not feel justified in quoting from their volumes without definite permission. Again, several writers would gladly have given me authority to represent them, but found themselves bound by agreement with their publishers not to appear in any anthology for a fixed period. Finally, I must confess that I have purposely omitted the work of three writers because they so emphatically insisted on being represented by their own selections—with which I did not agree—that I had no alternative but to exclude them.

Now as to the actual poems by which contributors to this book are represented, in justice to myself I think it right to explain that I have

found it difficult to make a good anthology from the work of people who are still alive; for, in some cases, I was not permitted to quote from early volumes, and, in other cases, from late ones; then, more than once, I lacked permission to represent writers by poems of my own choice, and had to be content, to a certain degree, with what I was allowed to use, or, in the alternative, to exclude them, as I had, to my regret, to do in three cases above mentioned. And so this book lacks a number of beautiful poems which I had desired to quote but was unable to secure the necessary permission.

Subject to the foregoing limitations, I have endeavoured to represent each writer by a poem or poems in each of the styles in which he or she appeared to have accomplished the most enduring work; but here I have had to restrain myself, for the tastes and versatility of many writers are such that, adequately to represent their work would have necessitated quoting a dozen or more poems, a course which would scarcely have been feasible. Then there are poems, too, like the veteran T. D. Sullivan's 'God Save Ireland,' and Alfred Perceval Graves' 'Father O'Flynn,' each typical of a particular class of the work of these writers, but which I have purposely omitted, as they are already sufficiently well-known.

IV.

With regard to the arrangement of poems in this book, I need only remark that, as it is impossible to illustrate truly the poetry of an epoch, or even of a generation, by a slender and exclusive collection, it is also, in my opinion, impossible to represent to the best advantage the poetry of a period by setting it forth chronologically; and I hold that the anthologist who places side by side in his book poems without kinship of idea, simply because they happen to have been written by persons whose surnames begin with the same letter, is placing under almost unsurmountable disadvantages those readers who attempt to gain from his book a general knowledge of the poetry of a period. And thus I have tried to arrange these poems so that the spirit and feeling of each and those surrounding it may be congenial.

V.

One who has wrought many beautiful poems, and whose opinion I value, wrote to me some time ago regarding the standard of excellence for poems in this book, warning me to beware of lighting any but candles of pure wax on my altar. I myself have lighted only four little tapers which,

I well know, burn dimly beside many brilliant and beautiful flames. The lights on my altar have been placed there by other hands; but, be they candles of pure wax, flaring torches, or flickering rush-lights, let him who would extinguish the least of them have a care and approach the altar reverently, for they have been placed there by those who would do honour to the spirit of Immaculate Beauty that broods over Ireland.

PADRIC GREGORY.

September, 1913.

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PROLOGUE

THE PRAYER OF THE FLOWERS

It was the voice of the flowers on the West wind, the lovable, the old, the lazy West wind, blowing ceaselessly, blowing sleepily, going Greece-wards.

'The woods have gone away, they have fallen and left us; men love us no longer, we are lonely by moonlight. Great engines rush over the beautiful fields, their ways lie hard and terrible up and down the land.

'The cancerous cities spread over the grass, they clatter in their lairs continually, they glitter about us blemishing the night.

'The woods are gone, O Pan, the woods, the woods. And thou art far, O Pan, and far away.'

I was standing by night between two railway embankments on the edge of a Midland city. On one of them I saw the trains go by, once in every two minutes, and on the other they went by twice in every five.

Quite close were the glaring factories, and the sky above them wore the fearful look that it wears in dreams of fever.

The flowers were right in the stride of that advancing city, and thence I heard them sending up their cry. And then I heard, beating musically up wind, the voice of Pan, reproving them from Arcady: 'Be patient a little; these things are not for long.'

Lord Dunsany.

I

For beauty being the best of all we know
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of nature, . . .

Robert Bridges.

Mark with serene impartiality
The strife of things, and yet be comforted,
Oscar Wilde.

THE DEDICATION TO A BOOK OF STORIES SELECTED FROM THE IRISH NOVELISTS

THERE was a green branch hung many with a bell
When her own people ruled in wave-worn Eire;
And from its murmuring greenness, calm of faery,
A Druid kindness, on all hearers fell.

It charmed away the merchant from his guile,
And turned the farmer's memory from his cattle,
And hushed in sleep the roaring ranks of battle,
For all who heard it dreamed a little while.

Ah, Exiles wandering over many seas,
Spinning at all times Eire's good to-morrow!
Ah, world-wide Nation, always growing Sorrow!
I also bear a bell branch full of ease.

I tore it from green boughs winds tossed and
hurled,
Green boughs of tossing always, weary, weary!
I tore it from the green boughs of old Eire,
The willow of the many-sorrowed world.

Ah, Exiles, wandering over many lands!
My bell branch murmurs: the gay bells bring laughter,
Leaping to shake a cobweb from the rafter;
The sad bells bow the forehead on the hands.

A honeyed ringing: under the new skies
They bring you memories of old village faces;
Cabins gone now, old well-sides, old dear places;
And men who loved the cause that never dies.

William Butler Yeats.

BABYLON

The blue dusk ran between the streets: my love was winged within my mind,
It left to-day and yesterday and thrice a thousand years behind.
To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-day my feet had run
Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of ancient Babylon.
On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold flung back the rays
Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million days.
The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle now begins;
The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and the sins
Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy multitude of towers;

Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist
in lily flowers.
The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens,
and I hear
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whispering
in my ear.
Oh real as in all this, and then a hand on mine is
laid :
The wave of phantom time withdraws ; and that
young Babylonian maid,
One drop of beauty left behind from all the flow-
ing of that tide,
Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in
Ireland by my side.
Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has
taken wings,
While we are in the calm and proud procession of
eternal things.

'*A. E.*'

LITANY OF BEAUTY

Joy, if the soul or aught immortal be,
How may this Beauty know mortality ?

O Beauty, perfect child of Light,
Sempiternal spirit of delight !
White and set with gold like the gold of the night,
The gold of the stars in quiet weather,—
White and shapely and pure !—
O lily-flower from stain secure,
With life and virginity dying together !

One lily liveth so,
Liveth for ever unstained, immortal, a mystic flower;
Perfectly wrought its frame,
Gold inwrought and eternal white,
White, more white than cold of the snow,
For never, never near it came,
Never shall come to the end of all,
Hurtful thing in wind or shower,
Worm or stain or blight;
But ever, ever gently fall
The dews elysian of years that flow
Where it doth live secure
In flawless comeliness mature,
Golden and white and pure,
In the fair far-shining glow
Of eternal and holy Light.

Beauty of earthly things
Wrought by God and with hands of men!
Beauty of Nature and Art,
Fashioned anew for each life time brings,
For each new soul and living heart!
Beauty of Beauty that fills the ken
Till the soul is swooning, faint with delight!
Beauty of human form and voice,
Of eyes and ears and lips!—
O golden hair and brow of white!—
Wine of Beauty that whoso sips
Doth die to a spirit free, and rejoice,
Living with God, and living with men,

Rapt rejoice in eternal bliss,
Raising his face to meet the kiss
Of the Beauty seraphic he sees above
In figure of his love.

O Beauty of wisdom unsought
That in trance to poet is taught,
Uttered in secret lay,
Singing the heart from earth away,
Cunning the soul from care to lure,—
O mystic lily, from stain and death secure,
Till the end of all to stay!
O shapely flower that must for ever endure!
O voice of God that every heart must hear!
O hymn of purest souls that dost unsphere
The ravished soul that hears! O white, white
gem!
O rose that dost the senses drown in bliss!
No thought shall stay the wing, or stem
The song, or win the heart to miss
Thy love, thy joy, thy rapture divine!
O Beauty, Beauty, ever thine
The soul, the heart, the brain,
To own thee in a loud perpetual strain,
Shriller and sweeter than song of wine,
Than song of sorrow or love or war!

Beauty of heaven and sun and day,
Beauty of water and frost and star,
Beauty of dusk-tide, narrowing, grey!

Beauty of silver light,
Beauty of purple night,
Beauty of solemn breath,
Beauty of closèd eye, and sleep, and death!

Beauty of dawn and dew,
Beauty of morning peace,
Ever ancient and ever new,
Ever renewed till waking cease
Or sleep for ever, when loud the angel's word
Through all the world is heard!

Beauty of brute and bird,
Beauty of earthly creatures
Whose hearts by the hand of God are stirred!

Beauty of the soul,
Beauty informing forms and features,
Fairest to God's eye,—
Beauty that cannot fade or die
Though atoms to ruin roll!

Beauty of blinded Trust,
Led by the hand of God
To a heaven where Cherub hath never trod!

Austere Beauty of Truth
Lighting the way of the just!

Splendid Beauty of Youth,
Staying when Youth is sped,
Living when Life is dead,
Burning in funeral dust!

The glory of form doth pale and pall,
Beauty endures to the end of all.

Thomas MacDonagh.

THE INCARNATE

Deep in the soul there throbs the secret pain
Of one homesick for dear familiar things,
When Spring winds rock the waves of sun-lit rain,
And on the grass there falls the shadow of wings.

How should one bend one's dreams to the dark clay,
Where carven beauty mixed with madness dwells?
And men who fear to die fear not to slay,
And Life has built herself ten thousand hells.

No wave that breaks in music on the shore
Can purify the tiger's bloodstained den,
The worms that crawl about the dark world's core
Cry out aloud against the deeds of men.

Alas the peace of these still hours and deep
Is but a dream that wanders from afar,
And the great Dreamer, turning in his sleep,
Smothers in darkness all our little star.

Yet in the gentle spirit of the wise
Light flashes out through many a simple thing,
The tired ploughman with impassive eyes,
Knows in his heart that he was once a king.

He sees in dreams the crown long lost and dear,
That glittered on a fallen spirit's brow,
A shattered gleam from some far-shining sphere
Has dazed the eyes of him who drives the plough.

The long brown furrows of the broken soil
Lead in straight lines unto the sunset's gates,
On high green hills, beyond the reach of toil,
The vision of the twilight broods and waits.

The silence folded in about the heart
Whispers strange longings to the broken soul,
That lingers in a lonely place apart,
Stretching vain hands to clasp the secret whole.

Eva Gore-Booth.

ASPIRATION

Soul of the acorn buried in the sod,
Lord of high trees and sunset haunted hills,
Planter of primroses and Very God
Of the bright daffodils,
Pity the weakness of the growing grain—
And drench our fields with rain.

Soul of the Light and Spirit of the Sword,
Flash one great thought through hosts of huddled years,
God of great deeds and dream-inspirèd Lord
Of pity and of tears,
Pity the weary ploughman's barren toil—
Cast sunshine on the soil.

Dream of dim lights and twilight haunted wind,
Spirit that moves upon the waters' face,
Lighten the wave-washed caverns of the mind
With a pale starry grace :
Pity the midnight hours of Death and Birth,
Bring Hope back to the earth.

Eva Gore-Booth.

THE CHALLENGE

Wake from thy sloth, arise, O sleeper.
Wake, lest thy slumber grow yet deeper.
Lo ! I who call, I am thy keeper
Through the eternities.

And if thy trance can not be broken
By the loud challenge I have spoken,
Yet may I rouse thee by this token
Of thy divinity.

When I, the spirit, all undying
Wrestled with chaos,—thy soft crying
Bade me to pause and see there lying,
Child of my enterprise.

Now have the dreams of youth departed,
Now once again must thou be started,
Filled with the strength of me strong-hearted.
On the unending quest.

Thomas Keohler.

RE-INCARNATION

The darkness draws me, kindly angels weep
Forlorn beyond receding rings of light,
The torrents of the earth's desires sweep
My soul through twilight downward into night.

Once more the light grows dim, the vision fades,
Myself seems to myself a distant goal,
I grope among the bodies' drowsy shades,
Once more the Old Illusion rocks my soul.

Once more the Manifold in shadowy streams
Of falling waters murmurs in my ears,
The One Voice drowns amid the roar of dreams
That crowd the narrow pathway of the years.

I go to seek the starshine on the waves,
To count the dewdrops on the grassy hill,
I go to gather flowers that grow on graves,
The world's wall closes round my prisoned will.

Yea, for the sake of the wild western wind,
The spherèd spirit scorns her flame-built throne,
Because of primroses, time out of mind,
The Lonely turns away from the Alone.

Who once has loved the cornfield's rustling sheaves,
Who once had heard the gentle Irish rain
Murmur low music in the growing leaves,
Though he were god, comes back to earth again.

Oh, Earth! green wind-swept Eirinn, I would
break
The tower of my soul's initiate pride
For a gray field and a star-haunted lake,
And those wet winds that roam the country side.

I who have seen am glad to close my eyes,
I who have soared am weary of my wings,
I seek no more the secret of the wise,
Safe among shadowy, unreal human things.

Blind to the gleam of those wild violet rays
That burn beyond the rainbow's circle dim,
Bound by dark nights and driven by pale days,
The sightless slave of Time's imperious whim;

Deaf to the flowing tide of dreams divine
That surge outside the closèd gates of birth.
The rhythms of eternity, too fine
To touch with music the dull ears of earth—

I go to seek with humble care and toil
The dreams I left undreamed, the deeds undone,
To sow the seed and break the stubborn soil,
Knowing no brightness whiter than the sun.

Content in winter if the fire burns clear
And cottage walls keep out the creeping damp,
Hugging the Old Illusion warm and dear,
The Silence and the Wise Book and the Lamp.

Eva Gore-Booth.

THOUGH SILENCE BE THE MEED OF DEATH.

Though silence be the meed of death,
In dust of death a soul doth burn;
Poet, rekindled by thy breath,
Joy flames within her funeral urn.

Thomas MacDonagh.

RECONCILIATION

I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord;
I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full of rest
Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord,
As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast
I begin with the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King,
For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,
And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring
Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of a star.
On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

'*A. E.*'

THE DEVOTEE

The Autumn wind sighs through the trees,
Disturbing all my garnered ease,
The brown leaves stir a fluttering thought
With half-repented memories fraught.
Dear God, how sweet the pain of sin
That opens doors to let Thee in.

How strange that Nature too should know
The fading joy of sin's wild glow;
And with this knowledge lead my soul
To feel its union with the Whole.
And yet may God not thus impart
Himself unto the seeking heart?

Thomas Keohler.

THE SONG OF JOY

I

O mocking voice that dost forbid always
The poems that would win an easy praise,
Favouring with silence but the delicate, strong
True creatures of inspirèd natural song,
Only the brood of Art and Life divine,
Thou say'st no fealty to the spurious line
Of phantasies of earth,—to mortal things
That strain to stay the heavens with their wings
And ape the crownèd orders at the Throne
Around a graven image of their own,
Setting the casual fact of one poor age
Aloft, enormous in its privilege

Of instant being!—O voice of the mind,
Wilt thou forbid the songs that come like wind
Out of the south upon the poet heart,—
Out of the quietude of certain art?
Now the cross tempests from the boreal frost
Harry my atmosphere, and I have lost
My joyous light of poetry in vain
Without the gloom profound of hell for gain,—
With only hostile follies that annoy,
The brawls that overwhelm the song of joy,
And are not sorrowful or strong enough
To make a passion out of wrath or love—
Only to-day, with its vain self at strife,
And affectations of fictitious life,
And spite, and prejudice, and out-worn rules
Kept by the barren ignorance of fools.—
Why, when I come to thee, shunning them all,
Why must the harsh laughter of mockery fall
Upon my soul, waiting to know the word
Of a new song within my heart half heard?
Why must the music cease and hate come forth
To call these winds out of the withering north?

II

You bring a bitter atmosphere
Of blame and vain hostilities,
Stirring beauty and joy with fear
Of words, as night wind stirs the trees
With whispers which will leave them sere.

So, harsh and bare, your bitter heart
  Will leave you like a bush alone,
Sullen and silent and apart,
  When all the winds it called are gone—
The winds were airs of your own heart.

Ah, bitter heart, not always thus
  You came, but with a storm of Spring,
With happiness impetuous,
  With joy and beauty following—
Who now leave all these ruinous!

III

Not ruinous, O mockery, not all
Ruinous quite!—Not sped beyond recall
My storm of Spring, my storm of happy youth,
That blew to me all gifts of joy but truth,
That blew to me out of the Ivory Gate
Figures and phantasies of life and fate.
I sang of them that they were life enough,
Giving them lasting names of joy and love;
And when I saw their ghostly nothingness
I made a bitter song out of distress,
And cried how joy and love had passed me by,
Though my heart happily whispered that I,
Not truth of joy or love, had broken ease,
Had broken from false quiet, won release.
I sang distress, then came out fresh and new
Into good life, knowing what fate would do.
Not bitter, mockery, not harsh to blame,
Not with dark winds of enmity I came,

But following truth, in dread of shapes that seem
Of life and prove but of a passing dream,—
In dread of ease, that has the strongest chain,
In dread of the old phantasies again.
The south wind blew; it was my storm of Spring—
O tempest of my youth, what will you bring
To me at last who know you now at last?—
The south wind blew, and all my dread was past.
Yet thou, O mockery, wouldst hold the word
Of that harsh day, though here the south has stirred!
Cease now for ever, for that day is done:
My sad songs are all sung, Joy is begun.
Voice of the mind, thy truth no more shall mock:
That door of ease with love's rare key I lock,—
And reverent, to Joy predestinate,
With the same key open my door of fate.

IV

A storm of Spring is blowing now
And love is throwing buds about!
Oh, there's a bloom on yonder bough
Under the withering leaves of doubt!—
The bough is green as Summer now.

O lover! laugh, and laughing hold
What follows after piety:
In faith of love be over-bold,
Lover, the other self of me—
The bitter word no more I hold.

How could I mock you, happy one,
  Who now have captured all a heart?
Take up my tune and follow on:
  Borrow the passion of my art
To sing your prothalamion!

V

Now no bitter songs I sing:
  Summer follows for me now;
For the Spirit of the Spring
  Breathes upon the living bough:
  All poor leaves of why and how
Fall before this wonder, dead:
  Joy is given to me now
In the love of her I wed.

She to-day is rash to cast
  All on love—and wise thereby;
Love is trust, and love at last
  Makes no count of how and why:
  Worlds are wakened in the sky
That had slept a speechless spell,
  At the word of faith,—and I
Hold my faith from her as well.

For she trusts to love in all,
  Life and all, and life beyond;
And this world that was so small,
  Bounded by my selfish bond,
  Now is stretched to Trebizond,
Upsala and Ecuador,

East and west of black and blond,
In my quest of queens like her.

Was she once a Viking's child
That her beauty is so brave?
Sun-gold, happy in the wild
Of the winter and the wave,
Pedestal'd by cliff and cave,
With the raven's brood above,
In the North she stood and gave
Me the troth of all her love.

Or in Egypt the bright storm
Of her hair fell o'er my face,
And her features and her form,
Fashioned to that passionate grace,
Won me from an alien race
To her love eternally,
Life on life in every place
Where the gods cast her and me.

Here to-day we stand at last,
Laughing in our new-born mirth
At the life that in the past
Was a phantasy of earth,
Vigil of our life's true birth,
Which is joy and fate in one,
Now the wisdom of the earth
And the dooms of earth are done.

So my bride is wise to-day
All to trust to love alone;

Other wisdom is the clay
That into the grave is thrown:
This is the awakening blown
By the spirit of the Spring:
Laughing Summer follows soon,
And no bitter songs I sing.

Thomas MacDonagh.

THE PATHS OF THE INFINITE

Have we not marked Earth's limits, followed its long ways round,
Charted our island world, and seen how the measureless deep
Sunders it, holds it remote, that still in our hearts we keep
A faith in a path that links our shores with a shore unfound?

No quest the venturer waits, no world have we to explore;
But still the voices that called us far over the lands and seas
Whisper of stranger countries and lonelier deeps than these,
In the wind on the hill, and the reeds on the lake, and the wave on the shore.

Never beyond our Earth shall the venturer find a guide:
From the golden light of the stars, but not from the stars a clue

May fall to the Earth; and the rose of eve and
the noonday blue
Veil with celestial beauty the fathomless deeps
they hide.

They have their bounds those deeps, and the ways
that end are long;
But the soul seeks not for an end,—its infinite
paths are near;
Over its unknown seas by the light of a dream we
steer,
Through its enchanted isles we sail on an ancient
song.

Here, where a man and a maid in the dusk of the
evening meet,
Here, where a grave is green and the larks are
singing above,
The secret of life everlasting is held in a name
that we love,
And the paths of the infinite gleam through the
flowers that grow at our feet.

Sidney Royse Lysaght.

THE EARTH AND MAN

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
  So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
  And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
  A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
  Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
  So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
  Have left it younger than a boy.

Stopford A. Brooke.

AUTUMN

She comes with sleeping twilights in her eyes,
  And old remembrance of the robin's song;
Haunting the berried bushes with delight;
  Haunting the stooks where binders tarry long.

I see her staining hand along the woods,
  Touching to crimson all the happy leaves,
As memory o'er each ever-trembling joy
  The piteous tints of sorrow richly weaves.

Her spirit breathes in every wind that brings
  From harvest-fields the scent of nature's goods,
And lingers with us in these pensive eves
  Fraught with the stillness of all solitudes.

All may not hear her voice; a feeling soul
Will mark it, when the apples fall, full soon;
But blest is he who sees the great sweet eyes
That borrow languor of the harvest-moon.

For him—the music of unwilting woods
That wander down the eve mile after mile,
And winds of balm a thousand times more sweet
Than spices tasting of a lone wild isle.

O thou divinest pilgrim of time's road!
Sister of evening, but how much more fair!
What harps unseen are cherished by thy hand?
Whence are thy steps? whither thy wandering care?

Yet who can stand amid thy clustered fruits,
And feel no tender visiting of pain?
In the coiled harmonies of deep delight,
Doth not a deeper sadness still complain?

Ay, and such melancholy mood will be
With us, when, standing in life's winterways,
We see our harvest richly-full and know
That night hath hidden all our reaping days.

William A. Byrne.

THE QUESTING HOST

With sad thoughts drifting into dreams, with tired heart
I turn from the white candles and the open page,

And on worn tapestries of immemorial age
See knight and saint and lady play their part.

Among the tall, straight, woven trees and turrets gray,
These hunt the leaping deer, and these make silent love;
And one ecstatic maid beneath a haloed dove,
With white face bends upon a book to pray.

And near them hover in the still, dream-haunted room,
The spirits of forgotten times, the host of night:
Helen's red lips and glorious eyes are faded quite,
And Palomide beneath his shadowy plume
Rides through gaunt spectral woods upon his hopeless quest:
Unnumbered phantoms of old heroes hurry by;
The candles flicker, the dreams vanish, and I cry:
'Not even in dreams is any peace or rest.'

F. P. Sturm.

THE WINDS

'Who are the winds? Who are the winds?'—
The storm was blowing wild—
'Who are the winds? Who are the winds?"—
So question'd me the wild-eyed child.

'They are the souls, O child,' I said,
'Of men who long since ceased to hope;
And lastly, wishing to be dead,
They lay down on the mountain slope,
And sighed their wills away;
And nature taking them hath made
Round and about the world to stray.
Yet oft is waked the fitful pain,
Which causes them to blow,
And still the passion stirs again
which vexed them long ago;
And then no longer linger they,
But with a wild shriek sweep away,
And the green waves whiten to the moon,
And ships are wrecked and shores are strewn.'

John Eglinton.

A SONG OF SUN SETTING

More fleet than flights of fire,
More soft than stealth of sleep,
Speed down abysses dire,
'Twixt outpost stars that keep
Lone boundary lights ablaze,
While, meshed in spiry rings,
Suns weave their devious maze—
Even so my sweet merle rings.

He furls his dusky wings
Beneath the ivy-hood
That o'er yon gate-arch clings,
As hill and field and wood,

Through pale mists hovering dim
Go lifter high and higher,
Up, up, with cup-curved rim
Against the West's rose fire.

Speed swiftlier still and nigher;
Nay, ere our veiled dawn clings,
The disc of vermeil fire,
Breathe hither, O Spring of Springs,
Thy spell's enchanted might,
Whose sudden gramary brings
A change to strange delight—
'Tis so my sweet merle rings.

Ah, list his soothsayings,
Of joy unthought, untold,
Waked in all mortal things,
Till even the weary and old
Must deem they dream the truth,
And see their soul's desire,
Thrilled through anew with youth,
Whose shadow is dew and fire.

Fled hate and wrath's fell fire,
Slain fear and sorrowing sore,
The very airs inspire
Love-lore and wonder-lore;
A heaven no heart shall miss,
Where storm wild rapture flings,
And calm sheds balm of bliss—
Even so my sweet merle sings.

Jane Barlow.

FIRST PATHWAYS

WHERE were the pathways that your childhood knew?—
In mountain glens? or by the ocean strands?
Or where, beyond the ripening harvest land,
The distant hills were blue?

Where evening sunlight threw a golden haze
Over a mellow city's walls and towers?
Or where the fields and lanes were bright with flowers,
In quiet woodland ways?

And whether here or there, or east or west,
That place you dwelt in first was holy ground;
Its shelter was the kindest you have found,
Its pathways were the best.

And even in the city's smoke and mire
I doubt not that a golden light was shed
On those first paths, and that they also led
To lands of heart's desire.

And where the children in dark alleys penned
Heard the caged lark sing of the April hills,
Or where they dammed the muddy gutter rills,
Or made a dog their friend;

Or where they gathered dancing hand in hand
About the organ man, for them, too, lay,
Beyond the dismal alley's entrance way,
The gates of wonderland.

For 'tis my faith that Earth's first words are sweet
To all her children,—never a rebuff;
And that we only saw, where ways were rough,
The flowers about our feet.

Sidney Royse Lysaght.

THE PURPLE HEATHER

The purple heather is the cloak
God gave the bogland brown,
But man has made a pall of smoke
To hide the distant town.

Our lights are long and rich in change,
Unscreened by hill or spire,
From primrose dawn, a lovely range,
To sunset's farewell fire.

No morning bells have we to wake
Us with their monotone,
But windy calls of quail and crake
Unto our beds are blown.

The lark's wild flourish summons us
To work before the sun;
At eve the heart's lone Angelus
Blesses our labour done.

We cleave the sodden, shelving bank
In sunshine and in rain,
That men by winter-fires may thank
The wielders of the slane.

Our lot is laid beyond the crime
That sullies idle hands;
So hear we through the silent time
God speaking sweet commands.

Brave joys we have and calm delight—
For which tired wealth may sigh—
The freedom of the fields of light,
The gladness of the sky.

And we have music, oh, so quaint!
The curlew and the plover,
To tease the mind with pipings faint
No memory can recover;

The reeds that pine about the pools
In wind and windless weather;
The bees that have no singing-rules
Except to buzz together.

And prayer is here to give us sight
To see the purest ends;
Each evening through the brown-turf light
The Rosary ascends.

And all night long the cricket sings
The drowsy minutes' fall,—
The only pendulum that swings
Across the crannied wall.

Then we have rest, so sweet, so good,
The quiet rest you crave;

The long, deep bogland solitude
That fits a forest's grave ;

The long, strange stillness, wide and deep,
Beneath God's loving hand,
Where, wondering at the grace of sleep,
The Guardian Angels stand.

William A. Byrne.

A DREAM OF EGYPT

Night sends forth many an eagle-winged dream
To soar through regions never known by day ;
And I by one of these was rapt away,
To where the sun-burnt Nile with opulent stream
Makes teem the desert sand. My pomp supreme
Enriched the noon ; I spurned earth's common clay ;
For I was Antony, and by me lay
That Snake whose sting was bliss. Nations did seem
But camels for the burden of our joy ;
Kings were our slaves ; our wishes glowed in the air
And grew fruition ; night grew day, day night,
Lest the high bacchanal of our loves should cloy :
We reined the tiger, Life, with flower-crowned hair,
Abashlessly abandoned to delight.

John Todhunter.

VAE VICTIS

The mists of morning sealed the rocks
Where climbed the mountain-nurtured flocks
Beneath the northern sun,
The dews were on the heather bloom
That edged the precipice's gloom,
Where streams unnumbered run.

They said, 'The mountain furrow yields
But scanty happy harvest fields
To greet the harvest moon,
To follow where the swallow flies,
Where gentler stars make gentler skies,
Were not unwisely done.'

They said, 'The winter tempests rave,
The hungry ocean-travelling wave
Makes here its ceaseless cry,
We are grown weary of the wind,
The hill-paths and the mists that blind
The shepherd suddenly.

'The snow-drift sweeps the mountain wall
To spread its white funereal pall,
A frozen drapery;
The torrent through its gloomy rifts
Is wild with yellow foam and lifts
A voice of dynasty.'

They said, 'No more, no more of these
Tumultuous combatants of ease!
The fabled islands lure,

Where in no season of the year
The glory of the woods is sere,
But all glad things endure.'

They built and launched a stately bark,
And when the morn rose and the dark
Fled far into the hills,
They left the land and loosed the sheet,
And steered beyond the cape to meet
The glebe that no man tills.

And sworn in league forlornly free,
In calm or storm, on every sea,
Thro' night to seek, and day,
Some right fair land of corn and wine,
And ease and carelessness divine,
Where care is done away;

They followed ocean's fleeting rim
When sun or stars shone bright or dim,
In merry mood or grave,
Nor heeded days nor hours that fled
Fleeter than ever white wings spread
Bore bark upon a wave.

But fleet or far, howe'er they sailed,
The season's creseents grew and paled,
Nor saw in any clime
Cross harbour-bar or ship or crew
To port that ever seaman knew
In this or former time.

The mists of morning scale the rocks
Where climb the mountain-nurtured flocks
Beneath the northern sun,
The dews are on the heather bloom
Edging the precipice's gloom,
Where streams unnumbered run.

William Macneile Dixon.

INTERPENETRATIONS

Larks sang up in the morning sky,
Wild flowers shone in the dew:
The joy that dwells at the heart of things
The birds and the wild flowers knew.
The sea-waves broke on a lonely shore,
The wind went over the trees:
The sorrow that dwells at the heart of things
Was known to the winds and seas.

The sorrow borne on the wind's song,
The note of a bird made sweet;
And the broken song of the breaking waves
Seemed written in blue and golden waves
In the flowers that grew at our feet.

Secrets hid from the flowers of the field
In the wandering wind we heard;
And the stars of gold and the bells of blue
Of the wild flowers, gave us again the clue
That we missed in the song of the bird.
And something the winds and seas forgot,
And the wild flowers left untold,

Lay dim in the rose of the twilight sky
And shone in the starlight's gold.

For the meaning that dwells in all things,
The story of every heart,
Is the same,—the infinite story of all
Whereof each telleth a part :—
Tidings mightier, graver,
Than a single voice can utter,
Too deep and solemn a secret
To sleep in a single breast ;
But the voice of each makes truer
The voices of all the rest ;
And each repeats of the story
The part that it loves the best.

Sidney Royse Lysaght.

THE ONLY TUNE

The only tune that he could play—
He learned it long and long ago—
Was 'Over the hills and far away.'
We young folk, listening day by day
As fared he, piping, to and fro,
The only tune that he could play,
Half-weary heard. Could none soothsay
How not till all life's bravest show
Was over the hills and far away
Time's hunter-years their chase would stay
Mid barried fields ; and none might know
The only tune that he could play
Was just a joyful summons, yea,

To journey where the path we'd go
Was over the hills and far away
From the worlds grown dreary, Ah, 'tis gay
Would sound one piper's call, if so
The only tune that he could play
Was 'Over the hills and far away.'

Jane Barlow.

THE LAND OF ETERNAL SPRING

THERE is a land whose music who shall hear
Closes his books, and in his happy ear
Hath moving bells,
Whose aery tides of ringing flood the sight
With fields of cowslip and the kine-loved light
Of pasture-wells.

Beyond this chapelry of rainy gleams;
Beyond all troubling boughs and dirging streams,
The lands lies dim;—
Where evening drifts o'er glens of magic trees,
And clouds of throstles fill the falling breeze
With wild sweet hymn.

A thousand wings an ebbing murmur make
Across the pastures and along the lake,
Like water-rings;
Till drowsy twilight chides the lingerers there,
And every bird, like little hands at prayer,
Folds up its wings.

Then calls the cornerake though the Spring be o'er,
And many a star comes trembling o'er your floor
With eyes like dew;
And gentle wings beneath your thatch will play,
Like cuckoos in the glimmering elms of May,
The mild night through.

William A. Byrne.

I HEARD A MUSIC SWEET TO-DAY.

I HEARD a music sweet to-day,
A simple olden tune,
And thought of yellow leaves of May
And bursting buds of June,
Of dewdrops sparkling on a spray
Until the thirst of noon.

A golden primrose in the rain
Out of the green did grow—
Ah! sweet of life in Winter's wane
When airs of April blow!—
Then drifted with the changing strain
Into a dream of snow.

Thomas MacDonagh.

TO A NIGHTINGALE

MINSTREL unseen, who singest to the skies,
Hope not to make the vestal night pulsate
To such wild strains of music passionate;
For she on Heaven hath fixed her virgin eyes,

And, deaf to thine entrancing melodies,
Doth quiring angels, silent, contemplate,
While, hid in shadow, thou may'st sing and wait,
To thine own longing making sad replies.

He is thy love! O see, at Heaven's edge
Where trees expectant stand along the ridge,
Thy song is crowned ere yet its ardour sinks;—
Dawn leans her down through golden window-bars
And flings with shining hands her wreathèd pinks
Among the silver lilies of the stars.

Elinor Sweetman.

THE LARK'S SONG

Sing, happy lark, that triumph song,
Thousands have heard thro' ages long;
And thousands, who are yet unborn,
Shall hear again, at eve, or morn:
Whatever changes time may bring,
Whilst earth upon her orbit swing;
For ever in man's heart shall be
An echo to thy ecstasy.

A. St. Clair Brooke.

II

Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fears to vanquish fears.
Francis Thompson.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain.
Clough.

SONNETS

(For Rosemary)

I

Beside some sea whose golden waters flow,
With myriad singings and glad ecstasies,
Into some silver, sunset bay: song-wise,
As other walls have risen—before these low,
Sad melodies of life wist to endow
Thy life with love, and sorrow, and dim sighs—
We built a city, sylvan of device,
Whose fretted skies knew no swart evening's glow.

We wandered then where odorous, drifting flowers
  Were altars magical to gleaming dawn.
You, priestess, poured libation to the hours
  In mystic songs: flame-winged, our souls were drawn
Again in songs, surging in amber showers,
  Though timid as a child, or any fawn.

Samuel Ireland.

II

When those white birds that flocking seaward went
At last grew dim—o'er flickering skies new-lit
With yellow flames—the west was unstained yet.
But, all too swift, lines black and crimson blent,
Licking as fire the grey-eyed blossoms sent
Where throbless morning shadows beck and flit,
As on a lake-brink trees waver and set
Astir some curious play with mummers faint.

How could I tell what way you went that day?
There were late songs that whipt the plaintive dusk;
There were cold rains that dripped from leaf to leaf;
Joy, as a child, had wept and gone astray
From life, sharp-tasting as a jagged husk,
Love grew unsunned and savourless as grief.

Samuel Ireland.

III

Is it enough? Where lies thy heart's content?
Shall I go hence, and see thee not again?
Because we have one day, one night, to strain
From life all sweetness sun and rains have blent;
Because the glories that the evening lent
In gold stars to the purple skies must wane?
We would not have a love like moons that feign
The chilled and withered splendour midnoon spent.

But—saith an older scripture—Shall thy love,
Thy tenderness, be known within the grave?
Or all soft speech lost on lips dry and dead?
Who would lose pity for a low, still head?
Or, at the end, who open eyes and crave
For that denied while spring with autumn strove!

Samuel Ireland.

THE QUEST

They said: 'She dwelleth in some place apart,
Immortal Truth, within whose eyes
Who looks may find the secret of the skies
And healing for life's smart.'

I sought Her in loud caverns underground,—
On heights where lightnings flashed and fell;
I sealed high Heaven; I stormed the gates of Hell,
But Her I never found

Till thro' the tumults of my Quest I caught
A whisper: 'Here, within thy heart,
I dwell; for I am thou: behold, thou art
The Seeker—and the Sought.'

James H. Cousins.

THE QUICKENBERRIES OF DOOROS

The Quickenberries of Dooros
Hang heavy-clustered, dull red as drops of blood,
Crimson amongst green branches, scarlet
against the sky,

And who shall taste of their magic shall know all evil and good;
Him shall no power destroy, nor sorrow nor scaith come nigh.

I walk through low, grey meadows, and ever a kind one stoops
To lead me to higher pastures, sunlighted, shadow-forgot,
Where the pines trail feathery robes and the heavy fruitage droops,
Where the olden silence is flowing and the waves of time beat not.

I have known the laughter of love and have seen the folly of hate
Clear as the stars that travel the dome of God's floor o'erhead,
I laugh at the little ways of men, the pigmy antics of fate,
For I dream old dreams of delight and live in days that are dead.

The Quickenberries of Dooros
Hang heavy-clustered, dull red as drops of blood,
Crimson amongst green lances, scarlet 'mid bronze and gold,
And who shall taste of their magic shall know all evil and good;
Him shall no fret disturb, he shall laugh when the world is old.

Cathal O'Byrne.

THERE IS A PLANT THAT BLOSSOMS AT MIDNIGHT

THERE is a plant that blossoms at midnight
And fosters in itself a sombre dawn :
And some in passion only find delight
Leaping to sorrow, like seed furnace-drawn.

But thou upon the forces that enslave
Breakest like light where the dim chasms immure,
For thou art of the race of them that save,
And where thy footstep passes, it makes pure !

Like the first hour of morning, sleep-washed, free,
When every pulse of man's collected soul
Ascends to be what it was born to be
Returning like the needle to the pole,

Noiselessly as a perfume or a prayer,
Or lake-born cloud, the flame that in thee lies
Unseals over the mountains of my care
The welling golden water of sunrise !

Herbert Trench.

THE WANDERER

THOU art a sighing in the weary elm,
And thou art sweetness going from flower to flower,
Thou art the hope of every hour,
And thou, the tost life's turning helm.

The light of every flower goes with thy face,
And with thy voice the song of each green place,
And, faded every lovely look,
So shuts the singer's chaunting-book.

O sweeter than the blossom on the bough!
O lonelier than the love that broods apart!
Thou art as light upon the brow,
But thou art sorrow in the heart.

William A. Byrne.

THE EXILES

Slowly they crowd, memories on memories
Before these heavy eyes;
Like doomed Siberian exiles, a long file
Slow moving, with bowed heads disconsolate,
Toward the far grey places
Turning their greyer faces
And bearing with them, into their exile
Bearing each one, upon his bowed
Unconscious shoulders the small load
Of all that yet survives
From their sad lives
Of light and love, and living man's estate,
Even so they pass me by
To the last straggling memory, and I,
I too must take on my outwearied back
My wretched outworn pack:
Joys, hopes and loves, and with the silent band
Set out in turn toward the wintry land.

Seumas O'Sullivan.

APOLOGY

In the garden of my youth
  Where the flowers' pale perfumes swayed
Passion called me and I went
  Fearfully yet dismayed.

In the garden left my dreams
  Of a life that might have grown
Silently to interweave
  With the spirit world alone.

Why should I thus meekly yield
  At the first sound of a voice;
At the beckoning of a finger
  Rush like one without a choice?

Could the heart that nursed and reared
  All my youth's pale bloom of dreams,
Also bear this flaring foliage
  With its blossoms' fiery gleams?

Surely not a chance desire
  Lent my feet the will to go.
But a deeper thinking, sinking,
  To the soul of things below:

But a deeper blending, twining,
  With the bright ones on their way,
And a fiercer fire divining
  In the buried heart of clay.

And as peace can ne'er be mine
Until every way is trod,
With a heart sincere I go
Passion's cloud-strewn path to God.

Thomas Keohler.

A DIRGE

What do you seek in the field of death,
O Daughters of Allen?
They came in a bright green body and fell;
Red wine in the valley ran like a well:
They came on the backs of their true-dark steeds;
Stone-cold they lie in the wet of the weeds,
Daughters of Allen!

What do you seek in the field of death,
O Daughters of Allen?
The blood is red on the windows gray,
And the houses are empty and breaking to clay;
The blood-supping ravens are black in the air,
And a dark worm is speckling the face of the fair,
Daughters of Allen!

What do you seek in the field of death,
O Daughters of Allen?
I stood in the shrubbery and saw them go;
Now the rains of affliction over me flow:
A large cloud of sorrow is gone on its way
To the hundred fair greens of Erin to-day,
Daughters of Allen!

What do you seek in the field of death,
O Daughters of Allen ?
The young pines fell in the grip of the storm :
Ah, cover them o'er with your mantles warm !
The fair bright friends of my youth are gone :
Ah, shelter the eyes where the kindness shone !
Daughters of Allen !

What do you seek in the field of death,
O Daughters of Allen ?
The comely are low, but their fall was grand ;
The hair of the foe is thick in each hand :
But the sons of the storm are leaves in the dew ;
My grief, that I am not lying there too,
Daughters of Allen !

What do you seek in the field of death,
O Daughters of Allen ?
The grass will be heavy on many a road,
And the harps will be mute, now the hearers are mowed ;
I am night without rays, I am white without years,
A wood without springs, a grief without tears,
Daughters of Allen !

What do you seek in the fields of death,
O Daughters of Allen ?
The bier-heavy oxen low through the trees,
Oh, lift your lament in the cold pure breeze !
My feet, they are going to the West of the lakes,
But for Allen the heart in my bosom breaks,
Daughters of Allen !

William A. Byrne.

THE OMEN

From out its chamber, green and high,
A bird leap'd forth at break of day,
And speeding o'er the wood, came nigh
Where two great glittering armies lay.

It swooped aside, and clamour stirred
The pale grey region where it flew;
And wavering down the plain, the bird
Reach'd the calm river-nook it knew.

But neither army paused nor spoke,
And one read foul and one read fair;
And straight the storm of battle broke,
With ruin here and triumph there.

At eve the bird flew back again,
The plain beneath now bare and wide;
Stars throng'd, the skies were fleec'd, in pain
The stricken warrior turn'd and died.

From cape to mountain beacons gleamed,
And cities waked with peal and blare.
Head under wing it slept, nor dream'd
Of that wild symbol traced in air.

John Eglinton.

THE GLORIES OF THE WORLD SINK DOWN IN GLOOM

The glories of the world sink down in gloom,
And Babylon and Nineveh and all

Of Hell's high strongholds answer to the call,
The silent waving of a sable plume.
But there shall break a day when Death shall loom
For thee, and thine own panoply appal
Thee, like a stallion in a burning stall,
While blood-red stars blaze out in skies of doom.

Lord of sarcophagus and catacomb
Blood-drunken Death! Within the columned hall
Of time, thou diest when its pillars fall.
Death of all deaths! Thou diggest thine own tomb,
Makest thy mound of Earth's soon-shattered dome,
And pullest the heavens upon thee for a pall.

Joseph Plunkett.

HYMN TO SELENE

She hath watered her steeds at the mystic wells
Where the spirit of sleep in the lotus dwells,
Pallid and fair o'er the twilit tides,
O'er the asphodels
And the night she glides.

Above her lieth the steep dark, free,
Swept by the winds of infinity;
The spume of her steeds as a pale fire spills
O'er the slumbrous seas,
O'er the silent hills.

Night behind on the dark sea's brink
Watcheth her coursers pale and sink,
Before her day like a dappled fawn
Steals to drink
At the pools of dawn.

Hail ! O maiden who casteth thy light
O'er the dark fields and the valleys of night,
O'er the wan cities, the woodlands fair ;
Earthly delight
—And the world's despair.

Henry De Vere Stackpoole.

THE SORROW OF LONELINESS

Lonely for those we love—
The phrase is old as death ;
Do they lean from the golden bar of heaven
To catch one whispering breath ?
From some star divine for a dwelling place
Do they yearn for the desolate hearth ?
Does memory thrill through the rift of space
To a sad song sung on earth ?

Randal McDonnell.

THE HOUSE DESOLATE

Roof of our fathers, belovèd, behold we return to thee
Joyful, remembering our mutual anguish at parting :

How thy doors drawn apart like the lips of a desolate woman,
Dumb, let us forth; how thy windows appealed to the Heavens:
'Restore them, O God!' and thy stairway, with hollows introdden
By the feet of our fathers at rest and their burden of honours,
Clung to our feet of our fathers at rest and their burden of honours,
Clung to our feet; yea the stones in the walls cried: 'Stay with us.'
Stones many-witnessing, worn as the bed of a stream is
Worn with the life of the waters it holds in its bosom;
Stones that have cradled us, stones that shall coffin us, hail to ye!

Mother unchilded, our Niobe, lo! we return to thee!
Daughter of Sorrows, have comfort, behold we return to thee:
Where is thy welcome?
What is this thing?—art thou deaf, art thou blind, O our Mother?
Behold, our hounds in thy halls, and thy doves in thy laurel
Call to thee, cry as of yore, and in laughter and music
Voices of children ascend with thy chorister-starlings;

Where is thine answer of old ?—yea, what hath
gone out of thee !
What lieth dead in thee ?—how art thou altered
and alien !
We are not changed, we are loyal ; as waves of an
ocean
Yearn to the shore, so we yearn to thee, home of
our fathers ;
Now we behold thee, thou seemest not shrunken
or dwindled.
Shell of our race, and its tomb, we revere thee for
ever !

But thou, O desired and belov'd—O thou
bourne of our wishes !—
Lone hast thou stood over-long, over-long hast
thou waited,
Sealed are thy senses of stone, and thy being
dishumanised,
Owns us no more, or at best with a dim recog-
nition ;
As the hounds by his masters forsaken, in piteous
expectancy
Waiteth the voice and the touch that are music
and balm to him,
Broken by loneliness waiteth—they in their
season
Eager of welcome return through the years, and
caress him.
Lo ! he is dulled and confused : with a blunted
remembrance

Vaguely he greets him at first and remaineth
despondent.
Thus we return to thee, roof of our fathers,
belovèd,
Eager of welcome, rejoicing; —but thou, oh most
faithful,
Thou hast forgotten us!

Elinor Sweetman.

ACCEPTATION

Establish in some better way
My life, thou Godhead! that I may
Know whether it as virtue ranks
To scorn Thy gifts, or give Thee thanks.

For now I feel Thee near, unsought.
But why, when I seemed worth Thy thought,
High-soul'd, impatient for a task—
Why not have called me then, I ask?

No mountings of the spirit please;
Thou dost accept our dregs and lees;
The wise are they that feel Thy rod,
And grief alone is near to God.

John Eglinton.

THE STARS SANG IN GOD'S GARDEN

The stars sang in God's garden,
The stars are the birds of God;
The night-time is God's harvest,
Its fruits are the words of God.

God ploughed his fields in the morning,
God sowed his seed at noon,
God reaped and gathered in his corn
With the rising of the moon.

The sun rose up at midnight,
The sun rose red as blood,
It showed the Reaper, the dead Christ,
Upon his cross of wood.

For many live that one may die,
And one must die that many live—
The stars are silent in the sky
Lest my poor songs be fugitive.

Joseph Plunkett.

BOGAC BAN

A WOMAN had I seen, as I rode by,
Stacking her turf and chanting an old song;
But now her voice came to me like a cry
Wailing an old immeasurable wrong,
Riding the road thro' Bogac Ban.

Like a grey ribbon over the dark world,
Lying along the bog that rose each side,
The white road strayed upon the earth, and curled,
Staying its journey where the hills abide,
Riding the road thro' Bogac Ban.

It was not that the Night had laid her cloak
About the valley, going thro' the sky,
And yet a dimness like a distant smoke

Had fallen on the Earth as I rode by,
Riding the road thro' Bogac Ban.

Sweeping the sides of the mountains gaunt and high,
Floating about their faces in the pool,
A shadowy presence with a rustling sigh
Crept thro' the valley till the valley was full:
My horse's hoofs fell softly as on wool:
Riding the road thro' Bogac Ban.

In musical measures like an echo dim
The hosting held its secret path unseen;
Slaibh Mór looked down to Mám, and Mám to him
Looked up, with Loch nanEan between:
Riding the road thro' Bogac Ban.

A new world and a new scene mixed its power
With the old world and the old scene of Earth's face;
A doorway had been folded back an hour;
And silver lights fell with a secret grace
Where I endeavoured the white path to trace,
Riding the road thro' Bogac Ban.

Within my mind a sudden joy had birth,
For I had found an infinite company there:
The hosting of the companies of the earth,
The hosting of the companies of the air,
Riding the road thro' Bogac Ban,
The white, strange road thro' Bogac Ban.

Darrell Figgis.

MOONLIGHT

Southward a silvery dream-world lies,
  Fading at last into Fairyland;
Northward beneath the moonlit skies
  Clear-cut and cold the mountains stand.

Sable-black on a field of snow
  The shadows fall from the dark-massed trees;—
Motionless all,—so lightly blow
  The languid airs of the midnight breeze.

The world has vanished, I know not where,—
  The busy world with its warmth and light:
The stars are hidden: the skies are bare:
  The moon and I are alone to-night.

I glide no more with life's rushing stream,
  But, moored awhile in some inlet deep,—
Some windless channel where shadows dream,—
  I float, forgetful of all but sleep.

Dear is the sunlit realm of life:
  Dark is the starlit world of death:—
But beyond the frontiers of toil and strife
  There's a land where life suspends its breath;—

Where pain and passion are lulled to rest;
  Where love is languor and joy repose;
Where the riddle of death is still unguessed,
  But life forgets that its day must close;—

A land that is bathed in Lethe's dew ;—
A land that lies in a traneèd swoon ;—
A land whose heaven of cloudless blue
Is the throne of the white-robed lonely moon.

Edmond G. A. Holmes.

THE LOST MUSIC

Where is the cold white music, the violins
That throbbed and sobbed it is a goodly while
Touching the dawn with unremembered rhyme ?
Music of cloisters and of dawn-lit aisle
Where nuns are praying in the winter time ;
Of frozen torrents on a wintry noon,
And all the fragile whiteness of the moon ?

Yea, those kind lovely musics, where are they ?
In what retreated woodlands do they cling
Amid the little leaves, dim whispering ?
Or what lone water ripples with those notes,
What water where the waving sunlight floats ?
What glade, cascade ? In what soft evening sky
Ring the faint chimes on ears of those who die ?

For here the sky is sick with bitterness ;
Above black lilies swooning in the night,
That coldly breathe their souvenirs of death,
Here is the hard black music—dizziness,
Glamour of brass, the sordid throes of fright :
And thou, O thou of holy presaged years,
Amid these deathly tones dost shrink and flee
Down, down the blackened roadway all in tears,
To where veiled moons encircle a dead sea.

Vincent O'Sullivan.

THE SLEEPING KNIGHT

But one came past, a spirit of white flame,
Who stooped and kissed him on the lips and eyes,
And whispered in his ear, 'Arise! Arise!
God's heralds to the tourney call thy name!'

Then dream-swift down the morning winds she sped,
Who had for evermore destroyed his dreams,
And with a murmured song of waking streams,
Him through dim ways and dewless meads she led,

Till suddenly, where rose a purple height,
Of sunlit hills between them and the skies,
A smiting splendour shone upon his eyes
Of bannered eyes arrayed in armoured might.

And when his glance through dazzlement might scan
The helméd features of that shining throng,
Beneath the flags of causes perished long,
He saw the face of many a ruined man.

Yea, side by side, in order debonair,
The dead, lost soldiers with the living men
Who strive with proven steel of sword or pen
For fairer Justice in a world unfair.

'God's mail-clad knights!' she said, 'Behold your place!
And here for slakement of your long road's drouth
Again I kiss you on the eyes and mouth,
Who may bestow on you no further grace!'

And so was gone, a mist-wreath in the sun,
No more or less; but he in that fair host
Who reckon well all things for Freedom lost,
His day of life-long service had begun.

Elanor Rogers Cox.

AT SUNSET

Far in the dim and yellow skies,
I saw a strange, sad woman stand,
She beckoned to me with her hand
And lit my spirit with her eyes.

The sun sank down into the sea,
The white moon climbed the darkening skies,
The woman with the mournful eyes
Still through the darkness called to me.

William O'Leary Curtis.

POVERTY

I had a dream of Poverty by night,
And saw the holy palmer wending by
With pensive mien and radiant upturned eye,
Drinking the tender moon's approving light.
I saw her take the hills and climb the height,
While broad below the city murmured nigh,
Spangling the dust with lamps of revelry
That made the mellow planets pale to sight.

Yet kept my love her face toward the stars
Till broke the dawn against the mountain ridge

And angels met her on the misty way ;
Then heaven looked forth on her through golden bars,
Then gleamed her feet along a rosy bridge,
Then passed she noiseless into eternal day.

Lady Gilbert.

REQUIEM OF ARCHANGELS FOR THE WORLD

Hearts, beat no more ! Earth's Sleep has come !
All iron stands her wrinkled tree,
The streams that sang are stricken dumb,
The snowflake fades into the sea.
Hearts, throb no more ! your time is past !
Thousands of years for this pent field
Ye have done battle. Now at last
The flags may sink, the captains yield.
Sleep, ye great Wars, just or unjust !
Sleep takes the gate, and none defends.
Soft on your craters' fire and lust,
Civilizations, Sleep descends !
Time it is, time to cease carouse !
Let the nations and their noise grow dim !
Let the lights wane within the house
And darkness cover, limb by limb !
Across your passes, Alps and plains
A planetary vapour flows,
A last invader, and enchains
The vine, the woman, and the rose.
Sleep, Forests old ! Sleep in your beds
Wild-muttering oceans and dark Wells !

Sleep be upon your shrunken heads,
Blind everlasting Pinnacles!
Sleep now ye great, high-shining Kings
Your torrent glories snapt in death.
Sleep, simple men—sunk water-springs
And all the ground Man laboureth.
Sleep, Heroes, in your mountain walls—
The trumpet shall not sound again
And ranged on sea-worn pedestals,
Sleep now, O sleepless Gods of men,
Nor keep wide your unchallenged orbs!
These troubled clans that make and mourn
Some heavy-lidded Cloud absorbs
And the lulling snows of the Unborn.
Make ready thou, tremendous Night,
Stoop to the Earth, and shroud her scars,
And bid with chanting to the rite
The torches of thy train of stars!

Gloriously hath she offered up
From the thousand heaving plains of time
Her sons, like incense from a cup,
Souls, that were made out of the slime.
They strove, the Many and the One,
And all their strivings intervolved
Enlarged Thy Self-dominion;
Absolute, let them be absolved!
Fount of the time-embranching fire,
O waneless One, that art the core
Of every heart's unknown desire
Take back the hearts that beat no more!

Herbert Trench.

IAPETUS

Yea, thou may'st bind me fast with fire-forged
chains,
In this vile dungeon; even ten thousand-fold
Pile eager fetters; but the might remains
That hurled confusion midst thy ranks, and
rolled
Mountain on mountain with omnipotent strength,
The world's whole length.

Wear out my body? aye, the nerveless arm
Of blood and flesh. O tyrant, work thy will,
But idly think not thou canst thus disarm
The mind of its firm fortitude, or kill
The soul that is immortal: it disdains
Thy pitiless chains.

I am a Titan. Spit thy venomous scorn
On me and mine, since we are brought thus low:
Thy father was my younger brother born,
Whom thou, in vast and final overthrow
Laid, when the wide world trembled in her fear
To our large cheer.

I am a god though vanquished, and I feel
So much a god, though deeply racked and
riven,
In mind and soul and heart, I would not kneel
To gain the crown of Thy imperial heaven.
Life may be found in death; in weakness, might;
In darkness, light.

Darkness! the whole world is gone out to me,
Quenched like a sudden star that rising shone;
These yearning eyes shrouded in night must be
A long, long, bitter night that hath no dawn.
No dawn, no dawn—thus ever I must dwell
In purblind hell.

My limbs are weary, and my heart is sick
Wandering in mazy paths of torturing doubt;
And labouring sobs come panting fast and thick,
As though they sought to drain my whole life out.
But here my pain is most—'tis not thy will,
Tyrant, to kill,

Nor mine to die! though I lie in tortures tost
Through all the cycles of eternity,
I'll gloat upon my grief, and joy the most
When I am torn by my huge agony;
Nor groan, nor sob, nor pained whisper give,
While I may live.

While I may live, that shall not taste of death;
Yea, even in that I do rejoice, to show
There reigns a tyrant-loathing soul beneath
This tortured frame that seems so sunk in woe.
Thou bound'st the body, yet thou canst not bind
The steadfast mind.

Foot against foot, as gods we battled stood
'Gainst gods, while all Olympus shook to hear
The shoutings of the mighty giant-brood;

And hell itself was rent with our vast cheer,
As we swept whirlwind-borne. Yea, even thou
Didst pale thy brow.

And I stood flaming in the van, in might
A God, who am so poor and powerless;
And this weak arm hurled mountains left and
right,
Nor could they stay in aught the huge prowess
Of him who lieth bounden here. Oh, change,
Wondrous and strange.

I heard Olympus echo to my shout,
I felt earth tremble 'neath my mailèd feet,
Exultant, I beheld the headlong rout,
And I had deemed our victory complete;
Vainly—for in that fierce triumphal glow
We were laid low.

God! how we fell in heaps, till none remained
Save me alone, in my most obdurate might
Fronting thy thousands. I, who lie enchained—
Chained with an hundred chains in utter night—
Fronting thy thousands. Oh, I feel the glow
In my veins now.

Even as I passed I dragged the might with me
Of all thy phalanx, hideous in my fall;
And crowned with death thy dubious victory;
Yea, proudly rose through night funereal
To the grand height whereon I stand, so still
To scorn thy will.

Thou canst not bend me; therefore, on that slave—
Poor, prostrate thing, who, in his abject fear,
Licks thy foul feet, nor proudly dares to brave
Thy impious power—work out thy vengeance dear;
Thy outstretched arm shall never bend my pride,
O parricide!

Sir Samuel Keighley.

TO FREEDOM

From the Romaic of Alexander Soutsos.

Art thou she whom once I joyed to gaze on, beautiful and brave,
Queen-like in thy purple mantle, in thy hand a flashing glaive?
When the eagle crowned thy standards, thy unconquerable guide,
And behind thy standard marching, every son of Hellas cried,
'Lo, my life upon thy Altar am I ready to resign,
Freedom, Goddess mine!'

On thy path nor thirst nor famine cast our dauntless courage down.
But with smiles of glad contentment welcomed we the martyr's crown;
And the maidens of Evrotas, o'er the bodies of the slain,
'Mid the pæans of our heroes blended their triumphal strain,

Till the tombs of our forefathers echoed back thy name divine,
Freedom, Goddess mine!

Dost thou call to mind the glories of the goodly days of old,
When our sires, our wives, our children in our legions were enrolled?
When Miaoulis homeward bore,
Towing sixty of the foemen's frigates to his native shore!
Till in joy at Hellas' glory laughed the glad Ægean brine,
Freedom, Goddess mine!

Free with fealty unplighted,
Neither guile, nor hate, nor envy harboured we, in love united.
Oh, give back to us, kind Goddess, give us back that golden time!
Give us back the days of Glory, days of chivalry sublime,
In the saintly guise of virtue gliding from thy heavenly shrine,
Freedom, Goddess mine!

Then the Corcyræan came, and like a smouldering mount of fire,
Three long years our hapless country underwent affliction dire,
Three long years endured his insults, sunk in slavery and shame,

Till the slumbering fires awakened, bursting into
furious flame,
And the tyrant fell before thee, whelmed in sudden
dark decline,
Freedom, Goddess mine!

Is the lightning quenched for ever that of yore
flashed from thine eyes?
Set the star of thy first shining, never more again
to rise?
Faded is thy wreath of roses, emblem of thy
happier days,
Halting thy imperial footstep, wild and wildered
is thy gaze.
Woe is me! no more is valiance, not the grace of
beauty thine,
Freedom, Goddess mine!

Charles L. Graves.

WHAT IS WHITE?

What is white?
The soul of the sage, faith-lit,
The trust of Age,
The infant's untaught wit.

What more white?
The face of Truth made known,
The voice of Youth
Singing before her throne.

Thomas MacDonagh.

THE SONG OF MANCHAN THE HERMIT

Abbot of Liath Manchan, now Lemanaghan, in King's Co. Died 665 A.D.

I WISH, O Son of the Living God, O Ancient Eternal King,
For a hidden hut in the wilderness, a simple secluded thing.

The all-blithe, lithe little lark in his place, chanting his lightsome lay;
The calm, clear pool of the Spirit's grace, washing my sins away.

A wide, wild woodland on every side, its shades the nursery
Of glad-voiced songsters, who at day-dawn chant their sweet psalm for me.

A southern aspect to catch the sun, a brook across the floor.
A choice land, rich with gracious gifts, down-stretching from my door.

Few men and wise, these I would prize, men of content and power,
To raise Thy praise throughout the days at each canonical hour.

Four times three, three times four, fitted for every need,
To the King of the Sun praying each one, this were a grace indeed.

Twelve in the church to chant the hours, kneeling
there twain and twain;
And I before, near the chancel door, listening
their low refrain.

A pleasant church with an Altar-cloth, where
Christ sits at the board,
And a shining candle shedding its ray on the
white words of the Lord.

Brief meals between, when prayer is done, our
modest needs supply;
No greed in our share of the simple fare, no
boasting or ribaldry.

This is the husbandry I choose, laborious, simple,
free,
The fragrant leek about my door, the hen and
the humble bee.

Rough raiment of tweed, enough for my need,
this will my King allow;
And I to be sitting praying to God under every
leafy bough.

Elanor Hull.

III

O sovereign power of love!
Keats.

Love, won or lost, is countless gain;
His sorrow boasts a secret bliss.
Coventry Patmore.

THE WHITE BIRDS

I WOULD that we were, my beloved, white birds
on the foam of the sea!
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can
fade and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung
low on the rim of the sky,
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness
that may not die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew
dabbled, the lily and rose;
Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of
the meteor that goes,
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers, hung
low in the fall of the dew:
For I would we were changed to white birds on the
wandering foam: I and you!

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a
Danaan shore,
Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow
come near us no more;

Soon far from the rose and the lily, and fret of
the flames would we be,
Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed
out on the foams of the sea!

William Butler Yeats.

THE SILENCE OF LOVE

I COULD praise you once with beautiful words ere
you came
And entered my life with love in a wind of flame.
I could lure with a song from afar my bird to its
nest,
But with pinions drooping together silence is best.

In the land of beautiful silence the winds are laid,
And life grows quietly one in the cloudy shade.
I will not waken the passion that sleeps in the
heart,
For the winds that blew us together may blow us
apart.

Fear not the stillness; for doubt and despair
shall cease
With the gentle voices guiding us into peace.
Our dreams will change as they pass through the
gates of gold,
And Quiet, the tender shepherd, shall keep the
fold.

'A. E.'

CEANN DUV DILIS

Author Unknown.

Black head dearest, dearest, dearest!
Lay thy hand, dearest! my hand above!
Small mouth of honey, thyme-scented, sunny—
No heart that lives could refuse thee love!

The maids of the vale in their sorrow are sighing,
Their long tresses flying all loose in the wind,
That I for the sake of my Darling am dying,
And grieving and leaving those who are kind.

Black head dearest, dearest, dearest!
Lay thy head, dearest! my heart above;
Small mouth of honey, thyme-scented, sunny—
No heart that lives could refuse thee love!

George Sigerson.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

William Butler Yeats

TO ONE BELOVED

Not laurels, were they lying at my feet!
Let hot boys hunt for the gold leaves of Fame.
Received at thy hands, once they had been sweet,
But not now. Less than silence is a name.

Fame! When thy thousand graces ask no praise—
When all that perfect soul shall disappear,
And leave no footprint of thy lovely ways,
Save in the desperate heart that held thee dear.

What's Fame to me, since thou wilt smile and pass
Dew-like? For mean lives trumpets shall be blown;
Thou wilt go wandering through the gate of grass,
And thy place after thee be all unknown.

Herbert Trench.

TO A GIRL SITTING AT A READER'S FEET

Whenever they half-jestingly dispraise
Your un-housewifely ways
And speak reprovingly of works undone,
I think of Martha's due industrious days

While Mary lingered at the Master's feet
And found her heaven won.
Full of a thought so sweet,
I turn my chair
To greet him ; and behold him sitting there,
With you, attentive, resting at his feet.

Maurice F. Healy.

MY LOVE, OH! SHE IS MY LOVE

From the Irish.

She casts a spell, O casts a spell,
Which haunts me more than I can tell.
Dearer, because she makes me ill,
Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, O she my store!
Whose grey eye wounded me so sore,
Who will not place in mine her palm,
Who will not calm me any more.

She is my pet, O she my pet!
Whom I can never more forget;
Who would not lose by me one moan,
Nor stone upon my cairn set.

She is my roon, O she my roon!
Who tells me nothing, leaves me soon;
Who would not lose by me one sigh,
Were death and I within one room.

She is my dear, O she my dear!
Who cares not whether I be here,
Who would not weep when I am dead,
But makes me shed the silent tear.

Hard my case, O hard my case!
How have I lived so long a space,
She does not trust me any more,
But I adore her silent face.

She is my choice, O she my choice,
Who never made me to rejoice;
Who caused my heart to ache so soft,
Who puts no softness in her voice.

Great my grief, O great my grief,
Neglected, scorned beyond belief,
By her who looks at me askance,
By her who grants me no relief.

She's my desire, O my desire!
More glorious than the bright sun's fire;
Who were than wild-blown ice more cold,
Had I the boldness to sit by her.

She it is who stole my heart,
But left a void and aching smart;
And if she soften not her eye,
Then life and I shall shortly part.

Douglas Hyde.

DEIRDRE DANCES

From 'Deirdre Wedded.'

They seek down through the Wood of Awe that hems
Findruim, like the throng about his grave,
Dusk with the swarth locks of ten thousand stems
In naked poise. These make no rustle save
Some pine-cone dropt, or murmur that condemns
Murmur ; bedumb'd with moss that giant nave.
But let Findruim shake out overhead
His old sea-sigh, and when it doth arrive
At once their tawny boles become alive
With gleams that come and go, and they revive

The north's Fomorian roar.—'I am enthrall'd,'
He said, 'as by the blueness of a ray
That, dropping through this presence sombre-wall'd,
Burns low about the image of a spray,
Of some poor beech-spray witch'd to emerald.
Wilt thou not dance, daughter of heaven, to-day
Free, at last free ? For here no moody raindrop
Can reach thee, nor betrayer overpeer ;
And none the self-delightful measure hear
That thy soul moves to, quit of mortal ear ! '

Full loth she pleads, yet cannot him resist,
And on the enmossed lights begins to dance.
Away, away, far floating like a mist
To fade into some leafy brilliance ;

Then, smiling to the inward melodist,
Over the printless turf with slow advance
Of showery footsteps, makes she infinite
That crowded glen. But quick, possess'd by strange
Rapture, wider than dreams her motions range
Till to a span the forests shrink and change.

And in her eyes and glimmering arms she brings
Hither all promise, all the unlook'd-for boon
Of rainbow'd life, all rare and speechless things
That shine and swell under the brimming Moon.
Who shall pluck tympans? For what need of strings
To waft her blood who is herself the tune—
Herself the warm and breathing melody?
Art come from the Land of the Ever-Young?
O stay!
For his heart, after thee rising away,
Falls dark and spirit-faint back to the clay.

Griefs, like the yellow leaves by winter curl'd,
Rise after her—long-buried pangs arouse—
About that bosom the grey forests whirl'd,
And tempests with her beauty might espouse;
She rose with the green waters of the world
And the winds heaved with her their depth of boughs.
Then vague again as blows the beanfield's odour
On the dark lap of air she chose to sink

As, winnowing with plumes, to the river-brink
The pigeons from the cliff come down to drink.

Herbert Trench.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE

From the Irish.

Ringleted youth of my love,
With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
You passed by the road above,
But you never came in to find me;
Where were the harm for you
If you came for a little to see me,
Your kiss is a wakening dew
Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
I would make a nice little boreen
To lead straight up to his door,
The door of the house of my storeen;
Hoping to God not to miss
The sound of his footfall in it,
I have waited so long for his kiss
That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love! you were so—
As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
And I thought after that you were snow,
The cold snow on the top of the mountain;
And I thought after that, you were more
Like God's lamp shining to find me,
Or the bright star of knowledge before,
And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
And satin and silk, my storeen,
And to follow me, never to lose,
Though the ocean were round us roaring;
Like a bush in a gap in a wall
I am now left lonely without thee,
And this house I grow dead of, is all
That I see around or about me.

Douglas Hyde.

SONG

Love is cruel, love is sweet,
Cruel, sweet:
Lovers sigh till lovers meet,
Sigh and meet—
Sigh and meet, and sigh again—
Cruel, sweet! O sweetest pain!

Love is blind, but love is sly,
Blind and sly:
Thoughts are bold, but words are shy—
Bold and shy—
Bold and shy, and bold again—
Sweet is boldness, shyness pain.

Thomas MacDonagh.

THE PENALTY OF LOVE

If Love should count you worthy, and should deign
One day to seek your door and be your guest,

Pause ! ere you draw the bolt and bid him rest,
If in your old content you would remain.
For not alone he enters : in his train
Are angels of the mist, the lonely quest
Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed.
And sorrow, and Life's immemorial pain.

He wakes desires you never may forget,
He shows you stars you never saw before,
He makes you share with him, for evermore,
The burden of the world's divine regret.
How wise you were to open not !—and yet,
How poor if you should turn him from the door.

Sidney Royse Lysaght.

NATURE AND LOVE

When first I gave him all my love
I took the beauty of the world ;
Wild winds, and sunlight, stars above,
And clouds upon the mountains furled,

The life of waters and of woods,
The sweetness of the flowers and grass,
Dreams of the sunset, joyous moods
The spirit of the Summer has ;

I filled him with their soft romance,
I set my heart within its shrine ;
He saw the lovely countenance
Of Nature, and then turned to mine.

All, all I loved was given to him,
All, all I loved was shown to me;
And then, that evening grey and dim,
The low moon burning o'er the sea,

He kissed me, I gave back his kiss,
My arms were round him, warm and fast—
'Is Nature more,' I cried, 'than this?
Have I not conquered her at last?'

Since then, he has loved, and loves, so much,
That in the grave men say is sleep,
He shall not loose my sweet wild touch
Through all the silence of the deep,

But, when the immortal passions move,
Shall quick arise, and with a cry,
Run to mine arms, and say, 'O Love,
Thou hast not forgotten!—no, nor I.'

Stopford A. Brooke.

HAPPY IT IS

From the Irish.

Happy 'tis, thou blind, for thee
That thou see'st not our star;
Could'st thou see as we now see
Thou would'st be as we now are!

God! why was I not made blind
Ere my mind was set upon her?
Oh, when I behold her eye,
How can I weigh life or honour?

Once I pitied sightless men,
I was then unhurt by sight;
Now I envy those who see not,
They can be not hurt by light.

Woe who once has seen her please
And then sees her not each hour,
Woe for him her love-mesh traps,
Woe for him who snaps its power.

Woe for him who visits not,
Woe his lot who does, I wis,
Woe for him is not beside her,
Woe besides for him who is.

Douglas Hyde.

THE SLEEP SONG OF GRAINNE OVER DERMUID

WHEN FLEEING FROM FIONN.

From the 'Poem-book of Fionn.'

SLEEP a little, a little little, thou need'st feel no fear or dread,
Youth to whom my love is given, I am watching near thy head.

Sleep a little, with my blessing, Dermuid of the lightsome eye,
I will guard thee as thou dreamest, none shall harm while I am by.

Sleep, O little lamb, whose homeland was the
country of the lakes,
In whose bosom torrents tremble, from whose
sides the river breaks.

Sleep as slept the ancient poet, Dedach, minstrel
of the South,
When he snatched from Conall Cernach Eithne
of the laughing mouth.

Sleep as slept the comely Finncha 'neath the falls
of Assaroe
Who, when stately Slaine sought him, laid the
Hard-head Failbe low.

Sleep in joy, as slept fair Aine, Gailan's daughter
of the west,
Where, amid the flaming torches, she and Duvach
found their rest.

Sleep as Degha, who in triumph, ere the sun sank
o'er the land,
Stole the maiden he had craved for, plucked her
from fierce Deacall's hand.

Fold of Valour, sleep a little, Glory of the Western
world;
I am wondering at thy beauty, marvelling how
thy locks are curled.

Like the parting of two children, bred together
in one home,
Like the breaking of two spirits, if I did not see
you come.

Swirl the leaves before the tempest, moans the
night-wind o'er the lea,
Down its stony bed the streamlet hurries onward
to the sea.

In the swaying boughs the linnet twitters in the
darkling light.
On the upland wastes of heather wings the grouse
its heavy flight.

In the marshland by the river sulks the otter in
his den ;
While the piping of the peeweet sounds across the
distant fen.

On the stormy mere the wild-duck pushes out-
ward from the brake,
With her downy brood beside her seeks the centre
of the lake.

In the east the restless roe-deer bellows to his
frightened hind ;
On thy track the wolf-hounds gather, sniffing
up against the wind.

Yet, O Dermuid, sleep a little, this one night our
fear hath fled.
Youth to whom my love is given, see, I watch
beside thy bed.

Elanor Hull.

LOVE'S WISHES

Would I were Erin's apple-blossom o'er you,
Or Erin's rose, in all its beauty blown,
To drop my richest petals down before you,
Within the garden where you walk alone;
In hope you'd turn and pluck a little posy,
With loving fingers through my foliage pressed,
And kiss it close and set it blushing rosy
To sigh out all its sweetness on your breast.

Would I might take a pigeon's flight towards you,
And perch beside your window-pane above,
And murmur how my heart of hearts it hoards you,
O hundred thousand treasures of my love;
In hope you'd stretch your slender hand and take me,
And smooth my wildly-fluttering wings to rest,
And lift me to your loving lips and make me
My bower of blisses in your loving breast.

And when the dew no longer pearls your roses,
Nor gems your footprint on the glittering lawn,
I'd follow you into the forest closes
In the fond image of your sportive fawn:
Till you should woo me 'neath the wavering cover
With coaxing call and friendly hands and eyes,
Where never yet a happy human lover
His head has pillowed—mine to emparadise.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

AMOR FONS AMORIS

I LOVE all men the better, O love! for loving thee:
The dear ones whom I cherish are dearer still to me:
Each stranger is my kinsman; and ever, for thy sake,
Belovèd! at love's bidding, new springs of love awake.

I love all things the better for loving thee the best;
My thoughts of thee make deeper the glories of the West:
My hopes of thee make fresher the fragrance of the spring:
And when thine accents haunt me the birds more sweetly sing.

I love the whole world better for loving thee so well:
Love tells my soul the secret which tongue may never tell:
I learn, when thou art near me, that loss is more than gain,
That not a pang is wasted, that not a hope is vain.

Even Love,—the dream, the vision, that floods the world with light,—
Lit by the flame thou kindlest, grows more divinely bright:

His beauty wins new beauty from shining through
thine eyes ;
And when he claims my homage he comes in thy
sweet guise.

Edmond G. A. Holmes.

DEAR HEART, WHY WILL YOU USE ME SO ?

Dear heart, why will you use me so ?
Dear eyes that gently me upbraid,
Still are you beautiful—but O,
How is your beauty raimented !

Through the clear mirror of your eyes,
Through the soft sigh of kiss to kiss,
Desolate winds assail with cries
The shadowy garden where love is.

And soon shall love dissolvèd be
When over us the wild winds blow—
But you, dear love, too dear to me,
Alas ! why will you use me so ?

James A. Joyce.

WHITE DOVE OF THE WILD DARK EYES

White Dove of the wild dark eyes,
Faint silver flutes are calling
From the night where the star-mists rise
And fire-flies falling
Tremble in starry wise,
Is it you they are calling ?

White Dove of the beating heart,
Shrill golden reeds are trilling
In the woods where the shadows start,
While moonbeams, filling
With dreams the floweret's heart,
Its sleep are thrilling.

White Dove of the folded wings,
Soft purple night is crying
With the voices of fairy things
For you, lest dying
They miss your flashing wings,
Your splendorous flying.

Joseph Plunkett.

FROM '*The Praise of Angus*'

Splendid and terrible your love,
The searing pinions of its flight
Flamed but a moment's space above
The place where ancient memories keep
Their quiet, and the dreaming deep
Moved inly with a troubled light
And that old passion woke and stirred
Out of its sleep.

Splendid and terrible your love
I hold it to me like a flame
I hold it like a flame above
The empty anguish of my breast;
There let it stay, there let it rest
Deep in the heart whereto it came

Of old as some wind-wearied bird
Drops to its nest.

Seumas O'Sullivan.

THE FIRE OF LOVE

I WILL walk by the Fall of Torc in the early day,
When the waters jump and clash in a shining spray,
Like the well-filled glasses that toast the new-made bride;
And the rocks, under quilts of moss, lie side by side
As a man and a woman married, together alone.
I will climb the path where the ivy's arms have grown
Around the stem of the oak and the silver fir,
As I would to God my arms were holding her
Who has planted herself, a tree in the gap of my heart.
I will sit on the roaring edge, where the waters dart
White lips that are mad with love, and meet in a kiss
That is life and death in the meeting. . . . But I will not be thinking of this,
Or the Ivy's arms, or the rocks in their quiet bed;
For my eyes half-closed will have slid from the mountain's head
To the woody side, where the earliest flame of the sunlight broke

On the soft young larches, whose heads rise up
like a smoke.
It is this I will think, that if some one passed that
way
Whose eyes were not burned up with love in the
early day,
He would say. It is not a man that I saw by the
Fall of Torc,
But a smoke like the young larch-tops, when the
sun-flames work
Their secret enchantments, a smoke from a terrible
fire of love
That cannot be quenched by the floods from the
top of the heavens above,
Nor be smothered up by the flames from the
deepest hell.

James H. Cousins.

THE WINE OF LOVE

. . . I WILL walk by the shore of Loch Lein when
the midday spell
Lies flat on the looking-glass, where Tomies'
purple peak
Stands still on his head, like a clown at a fair;
and the cackle and shriek
Of the blackbird in nesting-time is echoed from
elm and ash. . . .
I will watch where the wild drake rises with quack
and splash
From the reedy places that hide the desire of the
heart;

And it's not alone I will be when the furzes part,
And your hand is in mine. O wine of my life! it is not of these
I will think; for my eyes will be filled with the sally-trees
In their young sweet grace, when their limbs in the sunlight shine
As if they were steeped for an age in enchanted wine.
It is this I will think, that if one should be going that way
Who was sober, not being in love, he would pass and say,
It is not a man I saw by the shore of Loch Lein,
But a sally-tree that is dyed with the purple stain
That comes over the minds of men who are drunk with the wine of love.

James H. Cousins.

SONG

The silent bird is hid in the boughs,
The seythe is hid in the corn,
The lazy oxen wink and drowse,
The grateful sheep are shorn.
Redder and redder burns the rose,
The lily was ne'er so pale,
Stiller and stiller the river flows
Along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs,
A face is hiding within;

When birds are silent and oxen drowse,
  Why should a maiden spin?
Slower and slower turns the wheel,
  The face turns red and pale,
Brighter and brighter the looks that steal
  Along the path to the vale.

Lady Gilbert.

'AS IS THE SILVER NIGHT'

As is the silver night
  Upon the sombre sea,
In ecstasy of might
  Art thou to me.

As are the stars beyond
  Aught compass or control,
As glittering diamond,
  So thy pure soul.

As doth the throstle tell
  His mystery complete,
Such is thy subtle spell,
  Yet oh, how sweet.

'As is the Silver Night,'
  So cam'st thou unto me
Love's mystic wand to wield;
  Then I, who would be free,
Did gladly yield.

Darrell Figgis.

THE WESTERN SEA

I saw thee on a summer's day
  Among the many isles asleep;
A few faint fleecy cloudlets lay
  In shadow on thine azure deep;
And as they drifted past, I knew
How bright and boundless was the blue.

I saw thee pitiless and cold,
  With clouds and darkness overcast;
Long stormy crested billows rolled
  Before an icy northern blast:
And broke far off with ceaseless shocks
On bleak inhospitable rocks.

I had not loved thy sleep so well,
  If wintry winds had never blown:
I learned of thy tempestuous swell
  The music of thy softer tone:
And when the waves were dark as night,
I blest thy paths of rippling light.

Edmond G. A. Holmes.

DREAM ISLES

I loved a maiden long ago in youth's first golden years,
Ere I knew aught of pain or woe, life's bitterness or tears;
They had not yet begun to flow—the anguish driven tears.

Those days of love, ah! bright were they, illumined by her smiles,
That shone as shines each glowing day the sun on fairy isles—
The summer sun's most beauteous ray o'er fay-enchanted isles.

Lying alone in dreamy rest embosomed in the sea,
Far in the distant purple west those isles dream drowsily,
They nestle in the ocean's breast e'er dreaming drowsily.

And often in the twilight hours a fragrance comes to me,
A fragrance from some unknown flowers comes winging o'er the sea,
A perfume from unearthly bowers is wafted o'er the sea.

It drowns my senses in a bath of sad, sweet reverie,
Back through the past it forms a path on which she comes to me;
A magic, linking power it hath, which brings my love to me.

I see her as in days of yore—the smile upon her face
Beams softly brighter than before toned by angelic grace—
The smile of earth is wreathèd o'er with pure angelic grace.

And far within her limpid eyes, that never more
will weep,
A lustrous loving languor lies, as dreams float
soft in sleep;
Her love still lives beyond the skies—the dream
outlives the sleep.

And while upon her form I gaze, in rapture by the
shore,
The memory of Love's blissful days, on earth to
come no more,
Sheds o'er the Past a golden haze—the Past that
comes no more.

The far-borne fragrance fainting dies upon the
ocean's breast,
And, as it fades, no more mine eyes are with sweet
vision blest.
On restless waves and changing skies I look with
eyes unblest.

'O winds that wing those odours rare, with
whispering melody!
Tell me, O most melodious air that singeth o'er
the sea,
The secrets that lie hidden there beyond the
sobbing sea!

Tell me what fragrant isles repose, far in yon
sun-kissed foam;
Tell me, O wingèd wind which blows, of that
fair spirit home,
If midst the throng her spirit goes—in that bright
angel home.'

Alas! the winds in silence sleep, no more their melody
Comes fragrance-laden o'er the deep and azure-gleaming sea:
Day-dreaming by the shore I weep of the eternal sea.

William O'Leary Curtis.

THE MERCHANTMAN

Like a star silver-bright,
Or a white holy dove,
Over blue seas and far
Speeds the ship of my Love.

He has left this lone isle
For the smile o'er the sea,
And 'tis far from the west
He goes smiling from me.

He bears the red wine
Through the brine and the rain,
With jewels and myrrh
For the nobles of Spain.

(O sea-faring strong one,
Brown son of the shine!
'Tis my tears you are bearing,
And this sorrow of mine.)

There are bars of red gold
In hold and in bale,

For strange men and far,
  Neither Viking nor Gael.

And the King of Sardin
  Does begin to think long
For the linens you bring
  And the lilt of your song.

You have lace for his Queen;
  Though she lean down to you
With a flush on her face,
  And look your soul through;

Though you see in her eyes
  Love rise like a fire,
No glamour has she
  For Finnian of Eire!

Though you see in her eyes
  Love rise like a mist,
No power keeps she
  On the lips I have kissed.

Like a star silver light,
  In the night-gloom above,
On the dark seas, and far
  Is the ship of my love.

Like the sea-gull afloat
  Is his boat on the foam,
By Rona and Mull,
  To the grey loughs of home.

O lover of sea-tides,
'Tis beside you I'd be!
Should the sea be our cover,
And around us the sea!

Florence Wilson.

FOLK-SONG

From the old French.

What shall one do if Love depart?
I sleep not night nor day:
All night I think of my true-love,
Him who is far away.

I gat me from my restless bed,
And donned my gown of grey,
And went out through the postern gate
To the garden at break of day.

I heard the bonny laverock then,
The nightingale did sing,
And thus she spake in her own speech,
'Behold my love coming

'In a brave boat up the Seine river,
Wrought of the pleasant pine;
The sails are all of satin sheen,
The ropes of silken twine;
The mainmast is of ivory,
The rudder of gold so fine.

'The good sailors who man the bark
Are not of this country;
The one is the son o' the King o' France,
He wears the fleur-de-lis;
The other's the son—but what care I?
My own true-love is he.'

Emily Hickey.

IV

I live on hope and that I think do all
Who come into this world, . . .

Robert Bridges.

DEAD ROSES

The roses that bloomed all the Summer in softness and splendour
Have died, as the time of their blowing, and now the moon tender,
And beautiful, more than her lover, shines down on dead roses,
While never a petal is stirred in the stillness, nor young bud uneloses ;
And the love that lay panting and languorous all in the bosom
Of warmth and sweetness sleeps tranquil, as slumbers each leaf and each blossom.

O flowers of passion and parting, what wreath shall be woven
For the dear love, lying lowly and still, when the truth is sure proven ?
Never a hint in this evening to tell of your garlanded glory,
Never a sound of the song to be sung, nor a word of the story,
Soon to be told in the shade of the tomb, and the pride of the morrow,

When safe away from all babbling, and far from
the surging of sorrow,
Her snow-white soul shall go forth in the fields of
forgetting,
Joying in joy that is endless, not fearing a mid-
night of fretting.

O my fair roses, my white hearts, by angel hands
fashioned!
O my loved roses red blooming, in richness like
wild love impassioned!
Take in your withering bosoms, those lips long
aweary of kisses;
Never a flower lives, nor beauty, and brief is the
spell of our blisses;
Roses, my roses resplendent! rich blooming in
redness and whiteness,
Then drooping dead, as our day-dreams, and
passing with beauty and brightness.

William O'Leary Curtis.

THE RIVER ROAD

They wandered blindly through the night,
Alone and with uncertain feet,
In mist and storm, by deep and height,
To where the world and heaven meet.

For them thus lost, with none to tell
The tumult of their doubts and fears,
In twilight before dawn there fell
The noise of water on their ears.

They met beside a talking stream
That tumbled downwards to the world
On slopes where maple, larch, hornbeam,
The banner of the spring unfurled.

In morning light the earth lay fair,
And onward through the valley flowed
The ever-widening waters where
The river ran beside the road.

Through aisles of tulip-trees, alight
And golden like the noonday sun,
Far and more far, beyond our sight,
They and the river wandered on. . . .

His firmer hand in hers to hold,
Her surer feet to choose the way,
Now step they onward to behold
The glory of the perfect day

Where never joy need sour to pain,
Nor clouds obscure the golden west,
Nor any breezes bring again
The fever of their dark unrest.

Now bear they both a lighter load,
And follow, listening for the roar
Of waters, where the river road
Comes out upon the sounding shore;

Where love shall loose from love the chain,
And self from sting of self be free—

There where the river finds again
The splendour of the open sea.

Filson Young.

NOW

For me, my friend, no grave-side vigil keep
With tears that memory and remorse might fill;
Give me your tenderest laughter earth bound still,
And when I die you shall not want to weep.
No epitaph for me with virtues deep
Punctured in marble pitiless and chill:
But when play-time is over, if you will,
The songs that soothe beloved babes to sleep.

No lenten lilies on my breast and brow
Be laid when I am silent; roses red,
And golden roses bring me here instead,
That if you love or bear me I may know;
I may not know, nor care, when I am dead:
Give me your songs, and flowers, and laughter now.

Eleanor Alexander.

THE BLACKBIRD

Air—'The Blackbird.'

The Maytime is come, and the gay flowers are springing,
And wild birds are singing their loving notes o'er;
But all the day long through my lone heart is ringing
The voice of my blackbird I'll never see more.

While *cailins* and boys through the green fields
are hieing
I'm cheerlessly spinning and wearily sighing,
I think of the grave where my true love is lying—
My Blackbird, my Blackbird I'll never see more.

Dark, dark was his hair as the plume of the raven,
Bright, bright was his glance as the sunbeam
above,
His soul owned no thought that was selfish or
craven,
His fond heart beat true to his land and his love ;
And oh, his sweet song like the mountain-stream
gushing,
Now leaping in gladness, now gloomily rushing,
Mavrone, that Death's hand should the loved
notes be hushing—
My Blackbird, the peerless in Erin's green grove.

Though lovers in plenty my favour are wooing,
With riches and rank and the land's rarest store,
I'm blind to their fond looks and deaf to their
suing,
My Blackbird I see and I hear evermore.
Oh, if the dear Virgin, no longer denying,
Will grant me the wish of my heart's dearest
sighing,
Soon, soon by the side of my love I'll be lying,
My Blackbird, my Blackbird, to part never
more.

Francis Fahy.

AFTER-GRASS

Bright hopes that April set a-wing
  Drop down to August's rich content,
And change the zest and toil of Spring
  To quiet of accomplishment.
Life's wave seems spent . . . A leaf drops dead ;
  Yet here, where hints of Autumn pass,
The Mother's living hand has spread
  The fresh, new green of after-grass.

Come forth, beloved ! and share with me
  The Mother's miracle of cheer.
Our dead and buried spring let be.
  Lo ! life can blossom all the year.
A smile shall start eternal spring,
  Although our Summer fade and pass ;
And Love to loving hearts shall bring
  The greenness of the after-grass.

James H. Cousins.

MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

My love's an arbutus
  By the borders of Lene,
So slender and shapely
  In her girdle of green ;
And I measure the pleasure
  Of her eye's sapphire sheen
By the blue skies that sparkle
  Through that soft branching screen.

But though ruddy the berry
And snowy the flower
That brighten together
The arbutus bower,
Perfuming and blooming
Through sunshine and shower.
Give *me* her bright lips
And her laugh's pearly bower.

Alas! fruit and blossom
Shall scatter the lea,
And Time's jealous fingers
Dim your young charms, machree.
But unranging, unchanging,
You'll still cling to me,
Like the evergreen leaf
To the arbutus tree.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

COME TO THE GREENWOOD

Seán O'Neachtain.

Come to the Greenwood,
Golden-haired maiden!
Where the bird-minstrels
Carol-love-laden.

Thrush with his fluting
Charms every carper,
Blackbird, the poet,
He is our harper!

Wren with his lute-notes
  Lightens all labour ;
Fineh has the fiddle,
  Linnet the tabor.

Lark with his timbrel
  Lilting above thee,
Bids the bird-chorus
  Sing how I love thee !

Where mid the marish
  Heath-bells are blooming,
On his low trumpet,
  Bittern is booming.

Cushat and Cuckoo
  Croon for thy pleasure :
Sparrow and Swallow
Danee for thy treasure.

Bees in the branches,
  Haste to rain honey,
Right on thy soft lips,
  Rose-red and sunny.

Wings all a-flutter—
  Cries never ruesome,—
Little Saint Robin
  Flies to thy bosom !

See, yonder Eagle—
  Kingly his station !—

Bows to thy beauty
All adoration.

Shore-bird and sea-bird,
Curlew and Starling,
All do make merry
Seeing my darling!

Echo will welcome
Through the green hollow;
Sweet fairy music
Faintly will follow.

Were we together,
Where the glade darkles,
Leaves would around thee
Flash in sun-sparkles.

Eden of angles
Who'd seek to win it?
This were my heaven—
Wert thou, Love, in it!

George Sigerson.

THE LITTLE RED LARK

Oh, swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
Jewel of joys, arise.
The little red lark like a rosy spark
Of song to his sunburst flies.

But till thou art risen, earth is a prison
Full of my lonesome sighs;
Then awake and discover to thy fond lover
The morn of thy matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me; hark! oh, hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray!
And out of thy hiding with blushes gliding,
Dazzle me with thy day.
Ah, then, once more to thee flying, I'll pour to thee
Passion so sweet and gay,
The lark shall listen and dewdrops glisten,
Laughing on every spray.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

JIG

Fleet and light,
Left and right,
Fluttering, billowing, quicker than sight,
Merry and mad,
Happy and sad—
Wouldn't she make a sore heart glad?

Sun and shower,
Bee and flower,
Summer the weather and sunset the hour:
Light in her eyes,
Faster she flies—
Wouldn't she make the simple wise?

Filson Young.

A SILENT MOUTH

O, LITTLE green leaf on the bough, you hear the lark in the morn,
You hear the grey feet of the wind stir in the shimmering corn,
You hear, low down in the grass,
The Singing Sidhe as they pass,
Do you ever hear, O ! little green flame !
My loved one calling, whispering my name ?

O, little green leaf on the bough, like my lips you must ever be dumb,
For a maiden may never speak until love to her heart says ' Come.'
A mouth in its silence is sweet,
But my heart cries loud when we meet,
And I turn my head with a bitter sigh
When the boy who has stolen my love, unheeding, goes by.

I have made my heart as the stones in the street for his tread,
I have made my love as the shadow that falls from his dear gold head.
But the stones with his footsteps ring,
And the shadow keeps following,
But just as the quiet shadow goes ever beside or before,
So must I go silent and lonely and loveless for evermore.

Cathal O'Byrne.

MAVOURNEEN

Her eyes are like the fabled gems
That sparkle on some jewelled crown,
But never wealth of diadems
Could match the glory of her own.
Her thoughts are prayers, and chaster far
Than snow-flakes drifting down the sky,
Her soul is like a fixèd star,
Calm and serene in constancy.

Through lonely hours, through weary days,
The world between—yet hand in hand—
Her spirit guides my devious ways,
We know, we feel, we understand.
Sweet love perpetual wraps us round,
Flows forth in streams of fadeless fire.
Queen of my fate, whom Love has crowned,
Star of my longing soul's desire!

Randal McDonnell.

A SERENADE

My Lady fair! thy gentle slumbers
Will not shut out this lay of mine,
But through thine ear its plaintive numbers
Shall steal into thy dreams divine.
The murmur of a streamlet flowing
Through sunny lands, the strain may be,
Or wind through blossomed foliage blowing,
But yet 'twill breathe of love and thee.

And when, from thy bright dreams awaking,
Those plaintive notes thou still shalt hear,
Upon the night wind softly breaking,
While all beside is dark and drear;
Then fancy's wiles no more misleading,
Thy heart will know the strain to be,
The fond appeal, the fervent pleading,
That bursts from mine for love and thee.

Like some pale plant in darkness pining,
That struggles toward the one bright ray
Into its cheerless prison shining,
So I too fade and pine away;
And so I creep unto thy dwelling,
Before thy window-pane to see
The light that, gloom and grief dispelling,
Falls on my soul from love and thee.

The path I've traced is dark and lonely,
And distant far my cottage lies,
But let me hear thy voice, and only
One moment see thy beaming eyes!
Then dangers wild may wait before thee—
Then Heaven may hide its stars from me,
And thunders burst around and o'er me,
I'll only think of love and thee.

T. D. Sullivan.

YOU AND I

I KNOW what will happen, sweet,
When you and I are one;

Calm and bright and very fleet,
All our days will run.
Fond and kind our words will be,
Mixed no more with sighs;
Thoughts too fine for words we'll see
Within each other's eyes.

Sweet, when you and I are one
Earth will bloom anew—
Brighter then the stars and sun,
Softer then the dew.
Sweeter scents will then arise
From the fields and flowers;
Holier calm will fill the skies
In the midnight hours.

Music now unheard, unknown,
Then will reach our ears;
Not a plaint in any tone,
Not a hint of tears.
In a round of bliss complete
All our days will run—
That is what will happen, sweet,
When you and I are one.

T. D. Sullivan.

MAVOURNEEN MINE

Air—'The Wheelwright.'

How silent moves the flowing tide
That bears our swift bark on her way;

The clouds with quiet darkness hide
The last soft lingering beam of day.
And now, afar,
One trembling star
Looks down, our guide, above the brine:
One thought of thee
Comes thus to me
From some celestial height divine!

For now, no more, on sea or shore,
Thine eyes will smile, Mavourneen mine!

Sometimes a lonely fisher sees,
When laying down his lines at night,
A boat approach against the breeze,
A radiant form that proffers light!
If *his* heart fail,
The veering sail
Will swiftly into dark decline;
If true and brave,
Then o'er the wave
'Twill lead where Isles of Beauty shine.

Ah! thou no more, on sea or shore,
My life shalt light, Mavourneen mine!

Away, away, through storm and strain,
The streaming sea still draws our keel;
We bear our message o'er the main,
And must not fail, howe'er we feel.
Though heart should break,
Our course we take,

While yon fair star shall o'er us shine;
With banner high
Against the sky,
And souls too steadfast to repine.

For evermore, on sea and shore,
Thy love abides, Mavourneen mine!

George Sigerson.

V

Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen.

Mangan.

She is a rich and rare land.

Davis.

THE MARSEILLAISE

What means this mighty chant, wherein the wail
Of some intolerable woe, grown strong
With sense of more intolerable wrong,
Swells to a stern victorious march—a gale
Of vengeful wrath ? What mean the faces pale.
The fierce resolve, the ecstatic pangs along
Life's fiery ways, the demon thoughts which throng
The gates of awe, when these wild notes assail
The sleeping of our souls ? Here ye no more
Than the mad foam of revolution's leaven,
Than a roused people's throne-o'erwhelming tread ?
Hark ! 'tis man's spirit thundering on the shore
Of iron fate ; the tramp of titans dread,
Sworn to dethrone the gods unjust from heaven.

John Todhunter.

OUR HERITAGE

This heritage to the race of kings :
Their children and their children's seed
Have wrought their prophecies in deed
Of terrible and splendid things.

The hands that fought, the hearts that broke
In old immortal tragedies,
These have not failed beneath the skies,
Their children's heads refuse the yoke.

And still their hands shall guard the sod
That holds their fathers' funeral urn,
Still shall their hearts volcanic burn
With anger of the Sons of God.

No alien sword shall earn as wage
The entail of their blood and tears,
No shameful price for peaceful years
Shall ever part this heritage.

Joseph Plunkett.

IRELAND

Ireland, oh, Ireland! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: *Why an exile from me?*
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests in the sand;

Lives there and loves; yet with the years returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tide-way,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free,

Wanderer am I, like the salmon of the rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

Stephen Gwynn.

INISFAIL

My grief on the sword
For the pain of my heart,
That the dead battles roared
That have rent us apart!

For the Hosts of the Air
Come like clouds on the gale,
And the fairy-folk share
In thy woes, Inisfail.

Oh, the music of feet
Where the Good People pass!
Oh, the elfin-song sweet!
Oh, the rings in the grass!

Lissom-winged, many-hued
Is the tongue of the Gael,
Whose melodies brood
O'er thy glens, Inisfail!

But the music of souls
  Finds no echoed reply
Where the battle-din rolls,
  And the war-eagles cry.

Let the shanachies cease
  Their monotonous tale:
Be the bird-song of peace
  In thy groves, Inisfail!

O Isle of the Woods!
  Have thy thrushes no song
In the dim solitudes
  That are silent so long?

The surges that beat,
  And the storm winds that rail:
Sound no echoes more sweet
  By thy shores, Inisfail?

Lone Daughter of Kings,
  High-throned o'er the tide,
Wherefore slumber on strings
  Of the harp at thy side?

Stand not silent, apart,
  Lest those discords prevail
That set heart against heart
  Of thy sons, Inisfail!

Where the Danaans be
  In the voice-haunted glen,

O, the wail of the Shee,
And the mourning of men!

Our Queen of the West!
While harsh accents assail,
We pine for thy rest
And thy songs, Inisfail!

George Arthur Greene.

TO EIRE

To Thee, Beloved, of old there came
The sailors of a thousand ships
Who learned to love Thy hidden name,
And love the music on Thy lips;

But some who thought to build Thy pyre
And on its ruin rear a throne,
Have loved to sit around Thy fire
And count Thy saddest songs their own;

And sons of Thine, who broke love's bands
To seek a fabled far-off shore,
Grope thro' the world with aching hands,
And hunger for Thee evermore;

For, tho' Thy sorrow may not cease,
Tho', blessing, Thou art still unblest,
Thou hast for men a gift of Peace,
O Daughter of Divine Unrest!

James H. Cousins.

CREDO

I BELIEVE in thee, dear Ireland,
Loved of God on high,
Whom the martyrs knew for Sireland
As the stars the sky.

I believe a nation's scheming
Laid thee at her heel,
Yet thou kept the radiant dreaming
Of thy coming weal.

I believe they took and judged thee,
And thee crucified;
And that Jesu never grudged thee
Mary at thy side.

I believe that thou wast dying
For a century,
And the angels hushed their crying
As for Calvary.

I believe thou hast descended
Into Hell's own gloom;
I believe that thou hast wended
To an upper room.

I believe that thou art rising
From the hills of pain,
From the reddened mist that lies in
Ruts where thou hast lain.

Rising now to reap a garland
From thy wounded earth,
Thou shalt lift toward the starland
Dream and song and mirth.

Shane Leslie.

COIS NA TEINEADH

WHERE glows the Irish hearth with peat
There lives a subtle spell—
The faint blue smoke, the gentle heat,
The moorland odours tell

Of white roads winding by the edge
Of bare untamèd land,
Where dry stone wall or ragged hedge
Runs wide on either hand

To cottage lights that lure you in
From rainy Western skies;
And by the friendly glow within
Of simple talk, and wise,

And tales of magic, love or arms
From days when princes met
To listen to the lay that charms
The Connacht peasant yet,

There Honour shines through passions dire,
There beauty blends with mirth—
Wild hearts, ye never did aspire
Wholly for things of earth!

Cold, cold this thousand years—yet still
On many a time-stained page
Your pride, your truth, your dauntless will,
Burn on from age to age.

And still around the fires of peat
Live on the ancient days;
There still do living lips repeat
The old and deathless lays.

And when the wavering wreaths ascend,
Blue in the evening air,
The soul of Ireland seems to bend
Above her children there.

T. W. H. Rolleston.

VI

Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand.

Mangan.

For in battle, never yet,
Have they basely earned defeat.

Sir Samuel Ferguson.

THE THIRD TRUMPET (May 1, 1654)

(*After this trumpet had been sounded no further grace was allowed to any Irish recusants.*)

PART I.

Can it be true, this thing they say,
That she and I beyond that day
At home here may no longer stay ?
(*Mary, Queen of earth and sea,*
Dear Mary, have mercy on her and me !)

Since my father died six months are gone,
Brothers and sisters have I none,
My lady and I live here alone.
(*Castle towers, you are stout and tall,*
And the Boyne flows close to your outer wall !)

Thirteen winters hath she lain
Pallet-held in woeful pain,
Sma' hope she ever will rise again !
(*Mary, Queen of earth and sea,*
Sweet Mary, look down upon her and me !)

Old Murrough swears they shall not in,
But my lord is dead; our force is thin;
More blood to spill methinks were sin.
(*Waters of Boyne, you are swift and gay,*
But black, black, black are the hopes of May.)

Here 'neath our Trysting Oak I weep,
All round and round the grass rolls deep,
Sweet Saints! how sound the cattle sleep!
(*Mary, Queen of earth and sea,*
Dear Mary, befriend my sick mother and me!)

* * * * *

PART II

They took her down our twist'd stair,
Great their haste and sma' their care,
And laid her by the stairfoot there.
(*Queen and Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, look down upon us this day!)

Quick and short was their task in truth,
So might they, it meseems, in sooth
To threescore years have shown some ruth!
(*Western lands, you are cold and grey,*
And pitie and mercy ha' passed away.)

They took him to our Trysting Tree,
They hanged him there for a' to see,
Murrough, who had nursed me on his knee!
(*Mother of God, to whom we pray,*
Oh, Mary, show grace to his soul alway!)

Jolt, jolt, jolt, jolt, across the plain,
They jolted us in wind and rain,
Those jolts still beat inside my brain!
(*Western lands, ye are gaunt and grey,*
And our own stout tow'rs are far away.)

With eyes uplifted to the sky,
Like some carv'd image did she lie,
Betimes I hopèd she might die!
(*Mary, Queen to whom we pray,*
Keep, oh keep us from harm alway.)

The third night out there came a sound
Just as the dawn was stealing round,
I crept towards her o'er the ground.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And our bierly towers far far away.)

Out o' the straw she raised her head,
'Daughter, a priest!' was a' she said,
Then lay again as she was dead.
(*Mary, Mother to whom we pray,*
Oh, Mary, remember our needs this day.)

Sound, sound asleep lay half a score,
I crept betwixt them 'eross the floor,
And shortly gained the outer door.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And Meath's good grass-lands far far away!)

The plain spread all around me soon,
Swathèd and dim as in a swoon,

To eastward slipp'd a young pale moon.
(*Mother of God, to whom we pray,*
Oh, Mary, protect us from harm this day!)

And close at hand a crook'd lane
'Twixt low thatched roofs all wet with rain,
Nought else, only the silent plain.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And help and counsel are far away.)

No snood, no shoe I stayed to snatch;
The lintel all but touched the thatch
As with great heed I raised the latch.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Strengthen our feeble hearts alway.)

Four women. Was it fear or cold
Made them so tremble? I grew bold,
And swiftly had mine errand told.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And our fair green meadows are far away.)

Three of them stared as at the dead,
The fourth rose; to the door she led,
And motioned to me with her head.
(*Tender Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, reward her for that this day.)

She led me on along the path
To where it crossed a low brown rath,
Then paused, and spake one word—'Soggarth!'
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And my father's high tow'rs are far away.)

'Soggarth!' The word was like a spell,
Sainted and sweet like some church bell,
Lifting the soul to heaven from hell!
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Look, Mary, in pitie on earth this day.)

Rough were the stones and cold the ground
As I speedily mounted that low brown mound,
Then paused atop, and gazed around.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And our own smooth meads are far, far away!)

The rath spread round me brown and bare,
Only a few sparse thorns grew there,
No cross, no shrine, no sign of prayer.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Gather us close in thine arms alway.)

Down to the earth like any stone
Sudden I fell, and lay there prone,
Heart-broken, desolated, 'lone.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
Where are our goodly tow'rs to-day?)

Then—surelie—I must ha' died,
But, scoopèd in that rath, I spied
A brown hole hid in its low brown side.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Hold and support our souls this day.)

Some ravening beast, a wolf at worst,
Might well have scraped it, and at first
No nearer step to go I durst.

(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And our own fair home is so far away.)

Yet all else far or near show'd nought,
Toothed were the thorns as I strove and wrought,
With bleeding fingers toiled and fought.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Be pitiful, Mary, to us this day.)

Sudden they yielded, and a' wide
A hole wherein a man might hide
Opened; tall stones on either side.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And my father's strong tow'rs are far away.)

Yet still I feared some ravenous beast
With tooth and claw; or at the least
Tory or Thief; for sure no priest—
Mary, Mary, to whom we pray,
Oh, Mary, keep near to us all this day.)

—In such a laidly spot would lie?
Sudden my lips gave forth a cry,
'Help! or unshriven she'll surely die!'
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And our bierly tow'rs so far away!)

Across the rath it swept and fled,
It beat and battered round my head
So loud, it well had waked the dead!
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, assoil us from sin this day.)

And down that hollow place it flew,
Great terror seized me, and I drew
Close in, scarce knowing what to do.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And my father's high tow'rs are far away.)

With that another sound came by,
Whisper'd and deep, like the weary sigh
Of one that dreameth heavily.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, be near to all souls this day.)

This heartened me, and on I crept,
With slow and stealthy footsteps stept
Over the stones to where one slept.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And Meath's smooth pastures are far away.)

In front a greenish glimmering fell
'Twixt two tall stones, like light in a cell,
Or far, far down in the heart of a well.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Dear Mary, forget not thy sick to-day.)

My breath came cold as in a grave,
Beneath my feet the wet stones gave;
Sudden before me there opened a cave!
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And our own fair lands are so far away.)

Scooped in the great stone's dripping face,
Three walking paces about its space,
A deep, dark, awesome, noisome place.

(*Oh, Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Go not far from us all this day!)

Yet for a surety one lay there,
Wrapped in black weeds of coarsest wear;
My knees knocked, and I breathed a prayer.
(*Western lands, you are cold and grey,*
And my father's high tow'rs are far away.)

Yet durst nor speak nor breathe for fear,
But, leaning forward, strove to peer
Into the face of one laid there.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, protect us from harm this day!)

Sudden he woke, and off the stone
Lifted his head with a heavy groan;
His eyes were shut; and again a moan!
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And pitie and help are far far away!)

My thoughts still ran on some ravenous beast,
Swordsman or Tory at the least;
Then he opened his eyes—and I knew a priest!
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Oh, Mary, be near to us all this day.)

An aged man, sair worn and frail,
With lint-white hair, and visage pale.
I fell on my knees and I told my tale.
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And all who have loved us are far away.)

He listened with a pitying face,
'God's hand,' he said, 'in this I trace;
Lead, daughter, lead me to the place.'
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Sweet Mary, strengthen our hearts this day!)

Out of that darksome cave I crept,
Over its stones I lightly stept,
For thankfulness I might ha' wept!
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And my father's tall tow'rs are far away.)

I led him back across the rath,
The thorn-trees all but closed the path,
And once methought a sound—'Soggarth!'
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, be near to all souls this day!)

But I heeded not, and hurried by,
My soul afire lest she should die
Unshriven; help being now so nigh!
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And our castle towers far far away.)

All cold and wide in open day
The plain spread under that narrow way,
We had all but reached the place where she lay—
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Keep, oh keep us from harm this day!)

—When over me, like a stream in flood,
There swept the thought that those men of blood
Would seize and slay him. So I stood,

(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And our comely tow'rs far far away.)

And turning swiftly round, I spake,
'Father, thy life they'll surelie take!
Return, return, for Jesu's sake!'
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Oh, Mary, assoil all sin this day.)

He stood a moment silently,
Then slowly turned on me his eye,
And said—'The times are good to die!'
(*Western lands, you are gaunt and grey,*
And pitie and ruth they have passed away!)

PART III

Bad men, praise God, are not quite bad,
One day they gave me to be sad,
Full knowing she was all I had!
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, look down on us all this day.)

The next they laid her in the ground
To eastward of that low brown mound;
Other sma' graves were there I found.
(*Western lands, you are bleak and bare,*
Yet the grace o' God comes everywhere.)

They smoo'ed the sod, then walked away,
I stayed a little while to pray,
No mourner else had she that day.

(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, look down on us all this day.)

Or so methought; then came a sound,
My head I raised, and past the mound
By twos and threes they crept around.
(*Western lands, you are bleak and bare,*
Yet the grace o' God comes everywhere.)

Oh, poor kind hearts, hearts made o' gold,
Trembling, half naked, bent and old,
Some young; all starved wi' want or cold,
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Keep close, sweet Mary, to them this day!)

Barefooted, sick, mishabit, lame,
At risk o' their poor lives they came,
Yet knew they not her very name!
(*Western lands, you are bleak and bare,*
Yet the grace o' God comes everywhere.)

We knelt together on that mound,
Our muttered prayer scarce made a sound,
The silence seemed to lap us round.
(*Mary, Mary, to whom we pray,*
Gather them up in thine arms this day.)

Above us spread a soft blue sky,
The sou'west wind stole gently by,
It seemed a pleasant thing to die.
(*Western lands, you are bleak and bare,*
But the grace o' God comes everywhere.)

Yet fear for these gat hold of me,
And I pray'd them very earnestlie
To leave me; lest worse hap might be.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Mary, be near to them a' this day.)

With droppin' tears and soul on rack,
I watched the last one leave the track,
Then kissed the grave, and so went back.
(*Western lands, you are bleak and bare,*
Yet the grace o' God comes everywhere.)

* * * * *

And now because her peace is deep,
Great peace to mine own heart doth creep,
To stay, please God, till I, too, sleep.
(*Mary, Mother, to whom we pray,*
Keep East and West, the green and the grey,
Both of them safe in thine arms this day,
Now and for evermore, I pray.)

Honourable Emily Lawless.

SHANE O'NEILL

On thy wild and windy upland, Tornamona,
High above the tossing Moyle,
Lies in slumber, deep and dreamless now, a warrior
Weary-worn with battle-toil.
On his mighty breast the little canna[1] blossoms,
And the scented bog-vines trail;

[1] Canna = The bog-cotton

While the winds from Lurigaiden whisper hush-songs
Round the bed of Shane O'Neill.

Time was once, O haughty warrior! when you slept not
To the crooning of the wind;
There was once a Shane whom daisies could not smother,
And whom bog-weeds could not bind—
Once a Shane with death-shafts from his fierce eyes flashing,
With dismay in fist of mail—
Shane, whose throbbing pulses sang with singing lightning—
Shane, our Shane, proud Shane O'Neill!

Him the hungry Scot knew, and the thieving Saxon,
Traitorous Eireannach as well;
For their mailed throats often gurgled in his grasping,
As he hurled their souls to hell.
Sassenach, now, and flouting Scot, and Irish traitor,
Breathe his name and turn not pale,
Set their heel upon the warrior's breast, nor tremble—
God! the breast of Shane O'Neill!

Will you never, O our Chieftain, snap the sleep-cords ?
Never rise in thunderous wrath—
Through the knaves and slaves that bring a blight on Uladh,
Sweeping far a dread red swath ?
O'er the surges shout, O you on Tornamona,
Hark, the soul-shout of the Gael !
'Rise, O Chief, and lead us from our bitter bondage—
Rise, in God's name, Shane O'Neill.'

Seumas MacManus.

THE COMING OF OWEN ROE

Ho ! Phelim, rouse your sorrowing soul, and raise your head onee more !
Glad news, glad news for aching hearts comes from the northern shore !
Magennis and Maguire, come each from out your 'leaguered tower,
And spit upon their Saxon laws—defy their Saxon power !
O'Reilly and O'Hanlon come into the light of day !
Come forth, come forth, and chase the gloom that wraps your souls, away !
Ho ! fling the Sunburst to the winds—sound trumpet loud and drum !
Ho ! ring thy echoes, Ulster, out, Owen Roe, Owen Roe is come !

To North and South, to East and West, speed with
the joyous news,
Press Heaven's own winds into your cause the
tidings to diffuse;
On, on, o'er mountain, moor and marsh—through
wood, and brake and fell—
On, on, as though pursued by all the vengeful
powers of hell!
On, on, nor sleep, nor bait, nor pause, till starts
from sleep the land,
And hope has gleamed in every heart, and steel
in every hand,
And eyes are fired that erst shone meek, and
tongues loosed that were dumb—
Till Heaven is rent with thunders of, Owen Roe,
Owen Roe is come!

Ho! proud and haughty Sassenach, look to your
powder now!
Look to your spoils, O robber! for, sore need
you have, I trow;
Look to your lives, ye sleuth-hounds false!
for naught shall us withstand,
Since Owen Roe, our own beloved, with Vengeance
is at hand;
Ho! Saxons, tyrants, spoilers, by Liffey, Foyle, or
Maigue,
Where'er you're found, Owen's heavy hand shall
scourge ye as a plague!
Oh! hellish memories steel our hearts, our mercy-
sense benumb!

Up, Gaels! Up, Gaels! Revenge! Revenge!
Owen Roe, Owen Roe is come!

Seumas MacManus.

THE WOMAN OF BEARE

Ebbing the wave of the sea
Leaves, where it wantoned before,
Wan and naked the shore,
Heavy the clotted weed:
And in my heart, woe is me!
Ebbs a wave of the Sea.

I am the Woman of Beare,
Foul am I that was fair:
Gold-embroidered smocks I had,
Now in rags am hardly clad.

Arms, now so poor and thin,
Staring bone and shrunken skin,
Once were lustrous, once caressed
Chiefs and warriors to their rest.

Not the sage's power, nor alone
Splendour of an agèd throne,
Wealth I envy not, nor state:
Only women folk I hate.

On your heads, while I am cold,
Shines the sun of living gold;
Flowers may wreathe your necks in May;
For me every month is gray.

Yours the bloom; but ours the fire,
Even out of dead desire.
Wealth, not men, ye love; but when
Life was in us, we loved men.

Fair the men, and wild the manes
Of their coursers on the plains;
Wild the chariots rocked, when we
Raced by them for mastery.

Lone is Femen: vacant, bare,
Stands in Bregon Ronan's Chair,
And the slow tooth of the sky
Frets the stones where my dead lie.

The wave of the great sea talks:
Through the forest winter walks.
Not to-day by wood and sea
Comes King Diarmuid here to me.

I know what my king does,
Through the shivering reeds, across
Fords no mortal strength may breast
He rows—to how chill a rest!

Amen! Time ends all;
Every acorn has to fall;
Bright at feasts the candles were,
Dark is here the house of the prayer.

I, that when the hour was mine,
Drank with kings the mead and wine,

Drink whey-water now, in rags
Praying among shrivelled hags.

Amen! Let my drink be whey!
Let me do God's will all day—
And, as upon God I call,
Turn my blood to angry gall.

Ebb, flood, and ebb: I know
Well the ebb, and well the flow,
And the second ebb, all three—
Have they not come home to me?

Came the flood that had for waves
Monarchs, mad to be my slaves,
Crested as by foam with bounds
Of wild steeds and leaping hounds.

Comes no more that flooding tide
To my silent dark fireside.
Guests are many in my hall,
But a hand has touched them all.

Well is with the isle that feels
How the ocean backward steals;
But to me my ebbing blood
Brings again no forward flood.

Ebbing, the wave of the sea
Leaves, where it wantoned before.
Changed past knowing the shore,
Lean and lonely and gray;

And far and farther from me
Ebbs the wave of the sea.

Stephen Gwynn.

CREMONA

(The French Army, including a part of the Irish Brigade, under Marshal Villeroy, held the fortified town of Cremona during the winter of 1702. Prince Eugène, with the Imperial Army, surprised it one morning, and, owing to the treachery of a priest, occupied the whole city before the alarm was given. Villeroy was captured, together with many of the French garrison. The Irish, however, consisting of the regiments of Dillon and of Burke, held a fort commanding the river gate, and defended themselves all day, in spite of Prince Eugène's efforts to win them over to his cause. Eventually Eugène, being unable to take the post, was compelled to withdraw from the city.)

The Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall;
The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall;
They have marched from far away
Ere the dawning of the day,
And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh;
Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Duprés,
They have crept up every street,
In the market-place they meet,
They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroy he has started from his bed ;
The Marshal Villeroy has no wig upon his head ;
'I have lost my men ! ' quoth he,
'And my men they have lost me,
And I sorely fear we both have lost Cremona.'

Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place ;
Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face ;
Says he, 'Our work is done,
For the Citadel is won,
And the black and yellow flag flies o'er Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,
And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there ;
Says he, 'Come in your shirt,
And you won't take any hurt,
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona.'

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,
And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor wait ;
There's Dillon and there's Burke,
And there'll be some bloody work
Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river fort,
And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport ;
'Come, take a hand ! ' says he,
'And if you will stand by me,
Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona ! '

Prince Eugène of Austria has frowns upon his face,
And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race :
'MacDonnell, ride, I pray,
To your countrymen, and say
That only they are left in all Cremona ! '

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river dyke,
And he has tied the parley flag upon a sergeant's pike ;
Six companies were there
From Limerick and Clare,
The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

'Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate,
Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late ;
For when I gallop back
'Tis the signal for attack,
And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona ! '

And Major Dan he laughed : 'Faith, if what you say be true,
And if they will not come until they hear again from you,
Then there will be no attack,
For you're never going back,
And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona.'

All the weary day the German stormers came,
All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame,

They have filled the ditch with dead,
And the river's running red;
But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again,
The horsemen of Duprès and the footmen of Lorraine,
Taafe and Herbertstein,
And the riders of the Rhine;
It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthed German roar,
Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore;
For better men were there
From Limerick and Clare,
And who will take the gateway of Cremona?

Prince Eugène has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip;
Prince Eugène has cursed as he saw his chances slip;
'Call off! Call off!' he cried,
'It is nearing eventide,
And I fear our work is finished in Cremona.'

Says Wauchop to McAulliffe, 'Their fire is growing slack.'
Says Major Dan O'Mahony, 'It is their last attack;

But who will stop the game
While there's light to play the same,
And to walk a short way with them from Cremona?

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and come,
They have taken Neuberg's standard, they have taken Diak's drum;
And along the winding Po,
Beard on shoulder, stern and slow,
The Kaiserlies are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall;
Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call;
But what's the odds of that,
For it's all the same to Pat
If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vaudray, 'You've done a soldier's work!
And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of Burke!
Ask what you will this day,
And be it what it may,
It is granted to the heroes of Cremona.'

'Why, then,' says Dan O'Mahony, 'one favour we entreat,
We were called a little early, and our toilet's not complete.

We've no quarrel with the shirt,
But the breeches wouldn't hurt,
For the evening air is chilly in Cremona.'

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

THE IRISH COLONEL

Said the king to the colonel,
'The complaints are eternal,
That you Irish give more trouble
Than any other corps.'

Said the colonel to the king,
'This complaint is no new thing,
For your foemen, sire, have made it
A hundred times before.'

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

FAIRY GOLD

A BALLAD OF '48.

Buttercups and daisies in the meadow,
And the children pick them as they pass,
Weaving in the sunlight and the shadow
Garlands for each little lad and lass;
Weave with dreams their buttercups and daisies,
As the poor dead children did of old.
Will the dreams, like sunshine in their faces,
Wither with their flowers like Fairy Gold?

Once, when lonely in Life's crowded highway,
Came a maiden sweet, and took my hand,

Led me down Love's green delightful byway,
Led me dreaming back to Fairyland.
But Death's jealous eye that lights on lovers
Looked upon her, and her breast grew old,
And my heart's delight the green sod covers,
Vanished from my arms like Fairy Gold.

Then to Ireland, my long-suffering nation,
That poor hope life left me yet I gave;
With her dreams I dreamed, her desolation
Found me, called me, desolate by that grave.
Once again she raised her head, contending
For her children's birthright as of old;
Once again the old fight had the old ending,
All her hopes and dreams were Fairy Gold.

Now my work is done, and I am dying,
Lone, an exile on a foreign shore;
But in dreams roam with my love that's lying
Lonely in the old land I'll see no more.
Buttercups and daisies in the meadows
When I'm gone will bloom; new hopes for old
Comfort her with sunshine after shadows,
Fade no more away like Fairy Gold.

John Todhunter.

THE LAMENT FOR MORROUGHEEN DILLON, A TRAITOR

The slate-grey cloud of October
Goes clad in a keener's cloak;

There are yellow wake-lights burning
On the ash and the oak;
O, let us be a-mourning
For all dead folk!

Up on the Mountain of Leinster
Morrougheen Dhu is dead,
Yellow candles by his two feet,
And a white candle by his head,
And 'tis he will be all in the dark
Down in the narrow bed.

Morrougheen Dhu of Mount Leinster,
Where the little birds do increase,
He left many a man in his waking
Without a light for his peace,
After the time of the troubles
And the flight of the Wild Geese.

Morrougheen Dhu was covetous
Of money, in his day,
He went to the house of the Strangers,
He came home merry and gay.
He sold the lives of his brothers,
And took the Strangers' pay.

Morrougheen Dhu and his woman
Had silver and gold to chink.
Morrougheen Dhu and his woman
Had ale and red wine to drink.
But they stood on the edge of Hell's pit,
And he went over the brink.

Without succour the prayers are chanted,
Without help is the holy bell,
'Twas I loved Morrougheen Dillon,
'Twas myself would have served him well;
Better than his own woman
That helped him into Hell.

Alice Furlong.

A SONG OF DEFEAT

Not for the lucky warriors,
—The winner at Waterloo,
Or him of a newer name,
Whom loud-voiced triumphs acclaim
Victor against the few—
Not for these, O Eire,
I build in my heart to-day
The lay of your sons and you.

I call to your mind to-day,
Out of the mists of the past,
Many a hull and many a mast
Black in the bight of the bay
Over against Ben Edair;
And the lip of the ebbing tideway all
Red with the life of Gael and Gall,
And the Danes in a headlong slaughter sent:
—And the women of Eire keening
For Brian, slain at his tent.

Mother, O gray, sad mother,
Love, with the troubled eyes,

For whom I marshal to-day
The sad and splendid array,
Calling the lost to arise,
—As some queen's courtier unbidden
Might fetch her gems to the sun,
Praising the glory and glow
Of all that was hers to show—
Eire, love Brian well,
For Brian fought, and he fell:
But Brian fought, and he won:
God! that was long ago!
Nearer and dearer to you,
Eire, Eire *mo bhron*,
(List to a name of your own,
O sweet name, My Sorrow!)
Are the suns that flamed and faded
In a night that had no morrow.

I call to your mind Red Hugh,
And the Castle's broken ward;
I call to your mind O'Neill,
And the fight at the Yellow Ford:
—And the ships afloat on the main,
Bearing O'Donnell to Spain,
For the flame of his quick and leaping soul
To be quenched in a venomed bowl:
—And the shore by the Swilly's shadows,
And the Earls pushed out through the foam,
And O'Neill in his grave-clothes lying,
With the wish of his heart in Ireland,
And his body cold in Rome.
I call to your mind Benburb

And the stubborn Ulster steel,
And the triumph of Owen Roe;
Clonmel, and the glorious stand
Of the younger Hugh O'Neill;
—And Owen dead at Derry,
And Cromwell loosed on the land.

I call to your mind brave Sarsfield,
And the battle in Limerick street,
The mine and the shattered wall,
And the battered breech held good,
And William full in retreat:
—And, at the end of all,
Wild Geese rising on clamorous wing
To follow the flight of an alien king.
And the hard-won treaty broke,
And the elder faith oppressed,
And the blood—but not for Ireland—
Red upon Sarsfield's breast.
Ended, the roll of the great
And famous leaders of armies,
The shining lamps of the Gael
Who wrestled awhile with fate
And broke the battle on foeman,
Ere the end left widowed Eire
Lone with her desolate wail.

Lone, yet forsaken:
Out of no far dim past
Call I the names of the last
Who strove and suffered for Eire.
Saddest and nearest of all,

See how they flock to the call,
The troop of the famous felons:
Who won no joy of the sword,
Who tasted of no reward
But the faint flushed dawn of a wan sick hope,
And over whose lives there dangled
Ever the shame of the rope.
I call to your mind Lord Edward;
Tone with his mangled throat;
Emmet high on the gallows;
O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher—
Aye, and of newer note
Names that Eire will not forget,
Though some have faded in far-off lands,
And some have passed by the hangman's hands,
And some—are breathing yet.

Not for these, O Eire,
Not for these, or thee,
Pipers, trumpeters, blaring loud,
The throbbing drums and the colours flying,
And the long-drawn muffled roar of the crowd,
The voice of a human sea:
Theirs it is to inherit
Fame of a finer grace,
In the self-renewing spirit
And the untamable heart
Ever defeated, yet undefeated,
Of thy remembering race:
For their names are treasured apart,
And their memories green and sweet,
On every hill-side and every mart,

In every cabin, in every street,
Of a land, where to fail is more than to triumph,
And victory less than defeat.

Stephen Gwynn.

SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS

Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown ;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own,
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the Autumn day,
We'll toast Old Ireland !
Dear Old Ireland !
Ireland, boys, Hurrah !

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty-fold.
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say :
Here's dear Old Ireland !
Good Old Ireland !
Ireland, boys, Hurrah !

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain—
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain :
But no, boys, no ! a glance will show

How far they've won their way—
Here's good Old Ireland!
Loved Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, Hurrah!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
The patron and the fair;
And lithe young frames at the dear old games
In the kindly Irish air;
With a loud 'hurroo' and a 'pillalu,'
And the thundering 'Clear the way!'—
Here's gay Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, Hurrah!

And well we know in the cool gray eves,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends that meet once more;
With 'Mary machree!' and 'My Pat! 'tis he!'
And 'My own heart night and day!'
Ah, fond Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, Hurrah!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass,
From their peaceful homes, for miles
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles!
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray.

Oh, Dear Old Ireland!
Blest Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, Hurrah!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
And we never shall see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,
And our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup,
And with every sup let's say—
Here's loved old Ireland!
Good Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys Hurrah!

T. D. Sullivan.

VII

To muse and brood and live again in memory.
Tennyson.

The world's unkindness grows with life.
Faber.

I WILL FORGET

I WILL forget
The moaning of the sea about Aran;
Green beaches wet,
And grey rocks barren—
The sea-moan, against rocks that hinder and let!
(I said, and in my saying, remembered yet.)

I am the cry of the sea
Moaning about the rocks of Aran.
Ye are the rocks, cold rocks unmoved by me,
O dark-eyed people of Aran.

I will forget
The dark-eyed people of the Isles of the Old Sea:
Mairead-bheag, and Donal who talked with the Sidh.
The dark-eyed people have their own fret,
Have their own glee.
I will forget,
(I say, and in my saying, remember yet.)

Alice Furlong.

IRISH SKIES

In London here the streets are grey, an' grey the sky above ;
I wish I were in Ireland to see the skies I love—
Pearl cloud, buff cloud, the colour of a dove.

All day I travel English streets, but in my dreams I tread
The far Glencullen road and see the soft sky overhead,
Grey clouds, white clouds, the wind has shepherded.

At night the London lamps shine bright, but what are they to me ?
I've seen the moonlight in Glendhu, the stars above Glenchree—
The lamps of Heaven give light enough for me.

The city in the winter time put on a shroud of smoke,
But the sky above the Three rock was blue as Mary's cloak,
Ruffled like doves' wings when the wind awoke.

I dream I see the Wicklow hills by evening sunlight kissed,
An' every glen and valley there brimful of radiant mist—
The jewelled sky topaz and amethyst.

I wake to see the London streets, the sombre sky
above,
God's blessing on the far-off roads, and on the
skies I love,
Pearl feather, grey feather, wings of a dove.
W. M. Letts.

CORRYMEELA

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
And I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the
wheat!
Och! Corrymeela, an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the
heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the
bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin'
through the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the
Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but
thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut
child,
Och! Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full
o' care,
By the luck o' love ! I'd still go light for all I did
go bare.
' God save ye, colleen dhas,' I said ; the girl she
thought me wild !
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial
hard to raise,
The girls are heavy-goin' here, the boys are ill to
plase ;
When ones't I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll
be back again—
Aye, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an
English town !
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a
silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in
vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

Moria O'Neill.

THE HILL O' DREAMS

My grief ! for the days that's by an' done,
When I was a young girl straight an' tall,
Comin' alone at set o' sun,
Up the high hill road from Cushendall.

I thought the miles no hardship then,
Nor the long road weary to the feet,
For the thrushes sang in the deep green glen,
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng,
And many a dream as I never told,
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song,
Or at seein' a whin bush crowned with gold.
And always I'd look back at the say,
'Or the turn o' the road shut out the sight
Of the long waves eurlin' into the bay,
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a daeent man,
As many would eall a prudent choiee,
But he never could hear how the river ran
Singin' a song in a ehangin' voiee,
Nor thought to see on the bay's blue 'wather
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a King's young daughter
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The way seems weary now to my feet,
An' miles bes many, an' dreams bes few,
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do.
An' I'm that tired at the top o' the hill,
That I haven't the heart to turn at all,
To watch the eurlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.

Helen Lanyon.

IN THE LAP O' THE BOG

WEARY was I of the clamour and rush of the town,
Of its lies and its sins and seductions, its walls of brown,
And its squalid dreams;
And my soul was athirst for the gold-starred brae,
The cabin, rose-grown, and the whins in the May,
The glint of wine-dark streams.

Strained were my ears for the swish of the wind in the grass,
The rapture of fiddling, the songs of the Sidhe that pass
On their steeds of fog,
And the tales by the fire, and the laugh and the tear,
Where reigneth nor gold nor the devil—out here,
In the lap o' the bog.

Cahir Healy.

THE HARBOUR

I THINK if I lay dying in some land
Where Ireland is no more than just a name,
My soul would travel back to find that strand
From whence it came.

I'd see the harbour in the evening light,
The old men staring at some distant ship,
The fishing-boats they fasten left and right
Beside the slip.

The sea-wrack lying on the wind-swept shore,
The grey-thorn bushes growing in the sand,
Our Wexford coast from Arklow to Cahore—
My native land.

The little houses climbing up the hill,
Sea daisies growing in the sandy grass,
The tethered goats that wait large-eyed and still
To watch you pass.

The women at the well with dripping pails,
Their men colloguing by the harbour wall,
The coils of rope, the nets, the old brown sails,
I'd known them all.

And then the Angelus—I'd surely see
The swaying bell against a golden sky,
So God, Who kept the love of home in me,
Would let me die.

W. M. Letts.

A SONG OF GLENANN

Och, when we lived in ould Glenann,
Meself could lift a song!
An' ne'er an hour by day or dark
Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,
The rain might lay the corn;
We'd up and look for betther luck
About the morrow's morn.

But since we come away from there,
An' far across the say,
I still have wrought, an' still have thought
The way I'm doin' the day.

An' now we'er quarely betther fixed,
In troth! there's nothin' wrong;
But me an' mine, by rain an' shine,
We do the thinkin' long.

Moria O'Neill.

HOME

I'm back again in Glenties, and the Autumn wind is blowing,
The silver-sandalled evening skips across the mountains high,
But the bogland flowers are fading where of old I watched them growing,
And the lean leaves of Lammas-tide are whirling thro' the sky.

The bogland flowers are fading, and I mark them as a token
Of the early hopes I cherished to my sorrow and regret;
The silver cord is loosened, and the golden bowl is broken,
And another heart is wearisome and longing to forget.

The slender threads of gossamer are shining on the heather,
The little brooks are tumbling as they hurry to and fro,
I tramp along the boreen that we tramped of old together,
My love and I together in the days of long ago.

The road across the moorland, sure it's twisting and it's turning
Round the braes of old Strasala and the heights of Carrigdoun,
But in the mellow Autumn dusk one lamp has ceased from burning,
And a hearth is cold and cheerless on the way to Glenties town.

I'll leave my home again and I'll bid good-bye to-morrow,
And I'll pass the little churchyard and the tomb a-near the wall,
I have lived so much for love I can hardly live for sorrow,
By the grave that holds my colleen in a glen of Donegal.

Patrick MacGill.

THE HOUSE OF PÁDRAIG

Many a time I see it, looking from the valley,
The little house of Pádraig on the weary moor.
Many a time I see himself bent above his labour,
Or sitting at the dew-fall beside his lonely door.

Ne'er a foot but Pádraig's steps across the threshold,
Ne'er a hand but Pádraig's lies upon the latch.
Over the dim windows a rose is running riot,
And the weed grows golden on the ragged thatch.

There is pity on me for the house of Pádraig,
For the untended hearth-stone with its cheerless look,
And himself so lonely brooding in the twilight,
Or reading in the pages of a printed book.

If I had my longing I would climb the hillside
To the house of Pádraig; I'd set wide the door,
I'd redd the ashy hearth-place, and set the dull peat glowing,
And chase the scratching chickens from the earthen floor.

I would cut the tangle from the little window,
And upon the ledging I'd put a pot of musk,
The crack'd delf I'd be scouring, I'd set the pan lids shining,
And sit and wait for Pádraig in the summer dusk.

When he'd come at evening labour-spent and weary,
To his lonely supper and his homestead drear,
From the ingle-shadow I would rise to greet him
Saying to him softly;—'Pádraig, I am here.'

Idle is my fancy ; in the fertile valley
The field that is my dowry ripens day and night,
While my careful father counts the promised money,
And my anxious mother sews at linen white.

Sorrow take my plenty and my plighted promise,
All my thought goes climbing up the hillside far,
To the house of Pádraig, where a lighted window,
Gleams upon the moorland like a yellow star.

Helen Lanyon.

DANNY O'SHANE

Danny O'Shane was a farmin' lad
Brought by my da from a hirin' fair ;
The one luck-shillin' was all he had,
No shoe to his foot, no hat to his hair.
But he'd sing like a bird in the face o' dawn,
And he'd sing at his work in the glowin' noon,
And he'd sing when the yellow dusk was drawn
Over the light o' the risin' moon.

When Danny O'Shane had milked the cows
An' stabled the ass in the wee ass-byre,
He would come singin' up to the house
With a creel o' peat to mend the fire.
An' stoopin' his head to the lintel low
In the name o' God he would wish me well :
An' his voice would come ringin' rich an' low
An' swing in my heart like a silver bell.

Danny O'Shane, when the nights was warm,
An' the young stars climbin' over the hill,
Would gather the lads from field an' farm
An, sing to them in the evenin' still.
An' I'd creep to the door like a secret thing,
An' liftin' the latch without a noise,
Would stand at the crack to hear him sing,
As he sat among the farmin' boys.

Danny O'Shane has travelled West
Overseas to the stranger's land,
To sing the heart out from their breast,
An' the yellow money out of their hand.
But I cannot spin nor sew a seam,
My work is spoiled for thinkin' long:
An' Danny O'Shane comes into my dream,
An' steals my soul with a simple song.

Helen Lanyon.

MY INVER BAY

Och! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many's a laugh the boats put off,
And many's the merry cry!
To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee.
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
I wouldn't sway, not I,
My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

A purtier boat there's not afloat
Than Pathrick Rose's *Nan*;
A boulder crew, nor boys more true
Is not in wide Irelan'—
A long, long pull, a sthrong, sthrong pull,
And one right hearty cheer,
Our *Nan* so brave, she tops the wave,
And our comrade boats we clear;
We lead the throng, we sthrike a song,
We rise it loud and high,
On Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

Till we reach away where the herrin's play,
There's neither slack nor slow;
As quick as thought our nets are shot,
On the tafts then we lie low,
And many's the stave rolls o'er the wave,
And many's the yarn is told—
The sea all white with silver bright,
The air all filled with gold—
A scene more grand, God's good right hand
It ne'er reached from on high,
Than Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er far Norway it's give me sway,
With a palace wide and broad,
With silks, and wine, and jewels fine,
And hundreds at my nod—
In robes all gay with golden spray
It's dress me you might do;

But I'd loathe your wine, your jewels fine,
  Your gold, and your kingdom too;
For a ragged coat in Pathrick's boat
  It's I'd lament and sigh,
And for Inver Bay of a harvest day,
  With the sun goin' down the sky.

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones,
  Have rushed across the sae,
And, God He knows, each wind that blows
  Is waftin' more away!
It's sore disthress does them hard press,
  They dhrop their heads and go—
Och, Sorrow's queen, it's you has seen
  Their hearts big swelled with woe!
Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
  And they oft sit down and cry
For Inver Bay on a harvest day,
  And the sun goin' down the sky.

Och! Inver Bay of a harvest day,
  And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many's the laugh the boats put off,
  And many's the merry cry.
To Cork's own Cove though one may rove,
  He will not find, *mo chroidhe*,
A rarer bay nor thee!
  A sweeter bay, a fairer bay,
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad
  I wouldn't sway, not I,
My Inver Bay of a harvest day,
  And the sun goin' down the sky.

Seumas MacManus.

VIII

And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.
Sir Samuel Ferguson.

If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this.
Moore.

THE STARLING LAKE

My sorrow that I am not by the little dún
  By the lake of the starlings at Rosses under the
    hill,
And the larks there, singing over the fields of dew;
  Or evening there, and the sedges still.
For plain I see now the length of the yellow sand,
  And Lissadell far off and its leafy ways,
And the holy mountain whose mighty heart
  Gathers into it all the coloured days.
My sorrow that I am not by the little dun
  By the lake of the starlings at evening when all
    is still,
And still in whispering sedges the herons stand.
'Tis there I would nestle at rest till the quivering
    moon
  Uprose in the golden quiet over the hill.

Seumas O'Sullivan.

LIGHT AND SHADE

Too deeply blue! Too beautiful! Too bright!
Oh! that the shadow of a cloud might rest
Somewhere upon the splendour of thy breast

In momentary gloom: the molten light
That hides thy far horizon pains my sight:
Too crystal clear thy waves that heave below
O'er green rocks fathoms deep: the fringing snow
That girds thy headland cliffs is all too white.
So as I mused, a sudden turn revealed
The dungeon gloom of a cliff-circled bay,
Where the sad sea, whose wounds are never healed,
Makes moans of muffled thunder night and day,—
And awful shadows sleep, and all things seem
Dark and mysterious as an evil dream.

Edmond G. A. Holmes.

LISCANNOR BAY

Two walls of precipices black and steep,
The storm-lashed ramparts of a naked land,
Are parted here by leagues of lonely sand
That make a bay; and up it ever creep
Billowy ocean ripples half asleep,
That cast a belt of foam along the strand,
Seething and white, and wake in cadence grand
The everlasting thunder of the deep.
And there is never silence on that shore—
Alike in storm and calm foam-fringes gird
Its desolation, and the Atlantic's roar
Makes mighty music. Though the sea be stirred
By scarce a breath of breeze, yet evermore
The sands are whitened, and the thunder heard.

Edmond G. A. Holmes.

LOOP HEAD

A SHEER surf-beaten island fronts the shore
Close to the headland cliffs, whence stormy waves
Have rent it: there the sea imprisoned raves
Between dark dungeon walls, and evermore
Deep in that chasm, with sullen, booming roar,
Comes surging in a rushing, raging tide,
That pants and boils, and climbs each dripping side,
Then sinks as madly as it rose before.
Beyond, bright crests of ocean waves are tost
Into the far faint haze that ends the view:
Northward, the headlands of a rocky coast
Are white with surf—while southward, broad and blue,
The Shannon rolls, in tranquil majesty,
Into the billows of the boundless sea.

Edmond G. A. Holmes.

NIGHT

NIGHT comes, and stars their wonted vigils keep
In soft, unfathomable depths of sky;
In mystic veil of shadowy darkness lie
The infinite expanses of the deep,—
Save where the silvery paths of moonlight sleep
And rise and sink for ever dreamily
With the majestic heaving of the sea.
Night comes, and tenfold gloom where dark and steep,
Into black waters of a land-locked bay

The cliffs descend: there never tempest raves
To break the awful slumber; far below
Glimmer the foamy fringes white as snow;
And sounds of strangled thunder rise alway,
And midnight moanings of imprisoned waves.

Edmond G. A. Holmes.

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic in it, and many a horse and cart,
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind,
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,

But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched
my heart in spray,
But the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling
through my soul.

Eva Gore-Booth.

THE SHANNON AT LIMERICK

How dark, tumultuous, Shannon, is thy flow,
Through Luimneach's sombre city hastening on,
And by the moody bastions of King John
On which the heedless yellow wall-flowers grow,
'Neath Thomond's sevenfold span with to and fro
Of lustless folk, who view with faces wan,
That monuments of England's faith and go
As faint and sad as centuries have gone.

Yet though thy swollen tide be darkly deep,
As night clouds hurrying where the dawn shall be,
The ferns of Counlach in thy pure source steep
Their fronds, where little wrens make pleasant glee,
And issuing beyond Cuchullian's Leap,
Thou ridest in thy chariot to the sea.

Bligh Talbot Crosbie.

MAKING THE SHANNON

The shipman who hath voyaged many days,
Whose ship perchance, out from the Golden Gate,
Freighted, 'neath hatches tight, with wholesome
freight,
To Limerick consigned, of sun-parched maize,

Hath driven 'fore adverse winds, in devious ways,
And all but found, off the loud horn, her fate;
Crushing the weary seas beneath her weight,
Until—Land ho! and the Clare shipman's gaze
Knows, as in dream, the Leap and Kileredaun,
Where climbs the pilot up and takes the wheel,
And the fair ridge to port, and the green lawn
And the grey tower of Scattery that steal
On silently,—dear heaven o'er dear earth drawn!
That shipman may thy beauty, Shannon, feel.

Bligh Talbot Crosbie.

INVER OF THE SHANNON

More than a goodly river in my thought,
Since first I loved thee, Shannon, hast thou been;
Something in all thy course my soul hath seen,
With deep significance to patriots fraught;
And by thy rise and alternations taught,
And slumberings broad in many a lake serene,
And coursings by grey walls and pastures green;
What was thine issue's likeness? have I sought.

In might and majesty thy waters ride,
Escorted by Manannan's white-maned horse,
Betwixt the Clare and Kerry headlands wide;
But, ere thou passest out in kingly course,
Lo, a green isle and grey tower 'mid thy tide,
As at thine issue mindful of thy source.

Bligh Talbot Crosbie.

ON LISNADARA.

On Lisnadara soft, full soft, falls sleep
Ere dreams begin,
When down the fading hills slow shadows creep
To shut them in,
With all their fields enfolden, hushed and stilled
From steep to steep,
Whose secret, till the east shine amber-silled,
Grey mists shall keep.

For blithe the morn with flower of flame would break,
And radiance spilled,
That round a shimmering shore flushed all the lake
Rose-red, and filled
The glen with latticed lights, while strange sooth-say
The breezes spake:
How sure our morrow young as yesterday
Should yonder wake,
And, kindling crystal-clear across the dew
A wonder-way,
Lead forth thereon old joyance wrought anew
In faery ray.
Nor need a whit to fear when dusk bereaves
Of form and hue
The drowsy world, and builds dim walls and eaves
Our sight to mew,
Bound with most gentle spell, whose magic shed
While slumber weaves,
Careless as laps a feather-fended head
Among close leaves.

Yet if the years at last teach bitter lore
In sweet joy's stead,
Each glad hour grown a pearl, with grudging sore
Slipped from the thread ;
Yea, when long slopes of fiery fronded fern
Thrill to heart's core
Grief for the day whose embers withering burn
To bloom no more ;
And footsteps, strayed on lonely paths afar,
No more shall turn,
Beyond the faint blue heights that hope debar
And patience spurn ;
And streams, sped by with many a chiming leap
But silence mar,
Where listeners fain would hear athwart night's deep
Some echoing star—
So wild they cry that answer ne'er hath won
From Fate's stern keep :
Yet, yet a peace shall be indeed begun
With shadows' sweep,
And rest for hearts worn wearier than to weep
Bring set of sun ;
For soft on Lisnadara, soft falls sleep,
When dreams are done.

Jane Barlow.

SLAIBH MOR

I STOOD among the ancient hills,
While all the dusk eve's blue array

Swept round with softly rustling wings
To still the glamour of the day.
The murmur of persistent rills,
A lone thrush with his communings
Of music, folded in some trees,
A piping robin ere he flew,
And the soft touch of a calm breeze
Sighing across the heavenly view,
Were the sole voices whispering round
The slope hills with reflective sound,
So still the whole earth was :
So very still it was.
The solemn conclave of the hills,
In an erect fraternity,
Expectant of the hour to be,
Were trembling in the calm that fills
The house of Being with its peace.
A measured rhythm flowed abroad
From old Earth of the heart so strong,
That was itself a manner of song,
Bidding the day's tame tumults cease
Before the coming of her lord.
The throstle, as he communed low,
Enchanted seemed, and tranced, and spelled,
To catch the measure of that flow
That from the mighty heart upwelled,
That his own song thereby should be
Lost in the inner immensity.
The trickling music of the rills
Along the bosom of the hills
Was to that larger rhythm bent,
And in that larger silence played.

The very winds that came and went
Were in their courses stayed,
Hushed in a mute expectancy.
The silent Earth was bent in prayer.
And I, as I stood there,
Scarce witting what my body knew,
Was hushed to adoration too.

Like a charmed cadence throbbing low
Along her scarred, mute visage so,
Flowed the Earth's spirit thro' the air
Emerging from its ancient lair,—
Flowed round the dusk and glooming hills
That stood in solemn peacefulness,
Flowed thro' the shimmer of air that fills
The valleys with a shadowy tress,
Flowed up where stars began to peep,
Flowed where the hushed winds lay asleep,
And sank again while peace profound
Wrapped all the ancient hills around.
Not a breath stirred ;
No voice or song was heard.
It was a silence vaster than the dead ;
It was a silence where in all its power
Being raised up its mighty head an hour.
And I, tho' I scarce knew what chanced,
Caught in the measured rhythm, and tranced,
Was yet raised to a terrible dread
Of that great hush that wrapped the hills :
That spell upon the standing hills.
I could have fled, but that the awe
Of an unfurling and strange might

Had me transfigured in its law.
And yet the fear that stirred in me
Was mingled with a wild delight
That thrilled with very ecstasy
Thro' every nerve and vein and mesh
Building my quivering house of flesh.

Then a strange shudder shook the hills.
Some movement swayed them in eclipse,
As tho' a dread apocalypse
Were waiting till they were unfurled
With all the travail of the world.
They were transformed, and shadowy-high
They stood there, and yet floated by;
While from some inner place of flame
A boom of distant music came
Suddenly thro' the air,
And huge and silent chords of sound
Soared o'er the quivering hills around,
As I hung trembling there.
My house of flesh could scarce contain
The rolling chords that swept abroad
And undissolved remain,
My joy stirred in me with such pain.
Loosed on the silence that had been,
Obeying its symphonic lord,
The music rolled thro' time and space,
Booming in changing chord on chord
Amidst a silence that seemed still
Upon the old Earth's brooding face.
It rolled round each reverbrate hill;
It crashed its high symphonic will

And floated all the vales between,
In clouds of colour mounting high,
In waves of music sweeping by,
Booming above the ancient peace
Betwixt the ancient silences.

What chanced I do not know.
How is it I should know?
Like rolling clouds before the day
The booming music rolled away;
And, like a storm of splendour past,
The silence seemed yet to outlast
The music it had ushered so.—
Then slowly the wise thrush arose
And mused away the evening's close.

Darrell Figgis.

ANACH

THERE is no peace now however things go,
No peace where the ways of men ring loud,
Save in a secret place that I know
Hidden as in a cloud.

All the high hills stand clustering round,
Arched to protect it from trouble and noise,
The great strong hills that sing without sound,
And speak with no voice.

There lies Caorog the mute low lake,
And Bun-na-fréamha lying aloft,
Peacefully sleeping, or even if they wake,
Lapping low and soft.

Upon the high hill-tops the heather may be crying
And over the hill-tops the voice of men are heard,
But here only water lapping and sighing,
Or the wail of a bird.

Peace, peace and peace, from the inner heart of dream,
More full of wisdom than speech can tell,
Dropt like a veil round the show of things that seem
With an invisible spell. *Darrell Figgis.*

INISHCLARE

As a great bird in a deliberate flight
Parting the mists like a hanging curtain,
You come in a stream of sudden light,
You come, as you will, in your ways uncertain,
And float before my dreaming sight,
Inishclare.

Then in the places where the half-blind
Perplex their eyes, thro' a white mist o'er me
There comes upon my troubled mind—
The noise of the curlew crying before me,
And the sound of the great hills booming behind,
Inishclare, Inishclare.
Darrell Figgis.

COIRE DUBH LINN

The voices of the curlew crying on the air
Floated about the silence of the hills.

The brooding visage of the mountains bare
  Seemed the mute passion of a thousand wills.

From the black waters of the dizzy pool
  Cupped in the rocky sharpness of their sides,
Enchantments curled up to their foreheads cool,
  Like a large gesture that reveals and hides.

Then thro' the tangled network of my mind
  I sank, as down a steep and endless well,
A sudden darkness and a rushing wind
  And a sharp terror caught me as I fell.

So I saw God: as like a man may see
  The Spectral Beauty and be living still.
His snowy hair flowed thro' eternity,
  And his quick eyes searched out my secret will.

Then shining rainbows hid him wholly up.
  But a large peace had filled me at the sight:
Like crystal waters in a golden cup,
  Brimming above the sides into the light.

Darrell Figgis.

IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

Through the long palpitating tropic night
  We steered to eastward on a moon-lit way,
  Pilgrims of pleasure to the gates of day,
On heaven's warm breast the Southern Cross was
    bright,

But dark seas laboured to the left and right ;
  Behind us, tumbled in tumultuous spray,
  Lost constellations seemed to dance and play ;
Ever before us reached the road of light.

Like swallow from some peat-black mountain
    lake,
  Rose a wing'd fish and struck the ship's great
    side.
In tinsel coat crisserossed with bubble bars
He gleamed and glittered in the shining wake
  A moment from obscurity, and died
One with the glory of a thousand stars.

Eleanor Alexander.

NORFOLK

A Study in County Characteristics

Norfolk, although no mountain ranges
  Girdle your plains with a bastioned height,
Yet is your landscape rich in changes,
  Filling the eye with delight—
Heath-clad uplands and lonely dingles,
  Slow streams stealing through level meads.
Flats where the marsh with the ocean mingles,
  Meres close guarded by sentinel reeds.

Never a mile but some church-tower hoary
  Stands for a witness, massive and tall,
How men furthered God's greater glory—
  Blakeney and Cley and Sall.

Never a village but in its borders
Signs of a stormy past remain,
Walls that were manned by Saxon warders,
Barrows that guard the bones of the Dane.

Deep in your heart Rome left her traces,
Normans held your manors in fee,
Italy lent you her Southern graces,
Dutchmen bridled your sea.
Flemings wove you their silks and woollens,
Romany magic still to you clings,
And the fairest daughter of all the Bullens
Blent your blood with that of your Kings.

Yours are the truest names in England—
Overy Staithe and Icknield Way,
Waveney River, Ringmere, and Ringland,
Wymondham and Wormegay.
Land of windmills and brown-winged wherries,
Gliding along with the gait of Queens;
Land of the broads, the dykes, and the ferries,
Land of the sounds, the brecks, the denes.

Gipsy lore, the heart of his stories,
Borrow gleaned in his Norwich home.
Broadland, aflame with sunset glories,
Fired the vision of Crome.
Tombland's echo throughout the pages
Of Browne like a stately Requiem runs;
Nelson, 'a name to resound for ages,'
Crowns the roll of your hero sons.

Charles L. Graves.

GRAY'S TOMB, STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD

Late Autumn noon, lit by a sickly sun
Whose pallid circle faintly gilds the trees
That sigh disconsolate, while the fitful breeze
Lays bare their drooping branches one by one.
Silent we mourn that Summer days are done,
Yet mid the gloon our spirit is at ease,
For while the leaves are falling fast it sees
The certitude of fairer life begun.

Mayhap this mood our gentle Poet knew,
As musing oft beneath 'that yew-tree's shade,'
Touched by a sympathy divine, he drew
The legend of the lives around him laid,
Bringing to light their pathos deep and true
In strains whose influence shall never fade.

Samuel S. McCurry.

MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES

See! 'tis the very portal black with age,
The grimy threshold where the Poet's feet
Were wont to pass, what time he sought retreat
'Mid these sequestered scenes, untouched by rage
Of pestilence that fiercely did engage
Fair London Town. Still breathes the garden sweet
Where with his staff he found his rustic seat
To scent the rose, or build his lofty page.

Can'st picture him! with massive brow, deep-lined,
Whose seraph-muse the highest heaven attained,
Outsoaring all the limits that confined
Fancy aforetime—now from earth unchained,
Singing to men who spurned him, poor and blind,
His deathless song of Paradise Regained.

Samuel S. McCurry.

IX

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-dey guise.
Old Poem.

Within our magic halls of brightness
Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness.
Edward Walsh.

THE OTHERS

From our hidden places
By a secret path
We come in the moonlight
To the side of the green rath.

There the night through
We take our pleasure,
Daneing to such a measure
As earth never knew.

To song and dance
And lilt without a name
So sweetly breathéd
'Twould put a bird to shame,

And many a young maiden
Is there, of mortal birth,
Her young eyes laden
With dreams of earth.

And many a youth entrancéd
Moves slowly in the wildered round,
His brave lost feet enchanted
With the rhythm of faery sound.

Music so forest wild
And piercing-sweet would bring
Silence on blackbirds singing
Their best in the ear of spring.

And now they pause in their dancing
And look with troubled eyes,
Earth straying children
With sudden memory wise.

They pause, and their eyes in the moonlight
With fairy wisdom cold,
Grow dim and a thought goes fluttering
In hearts no longer old.

And then the dream forsakes them
And sighing, they turn anew
As the whispering music takes them
To the dance of the elfin crew.

O many a thrush and a blackbird
Would fall to the dewy ground
And pine away in silence
For envy of such a sound.

So the night through
In our sad pleasure
We dance to many a measure
That earth never knew.

Seumas O'Sullivan.

TO THE LEANÁN SIDHE

WHERE is thy lovely perilous abode ?
In what strange phantom-land
Glimmer the fairy turrets whereto rode
The ill-starred poet band ?

Say, in the Isle of Youth hast thou thy home,
The sweetest singer there,
Stealing on wingéd steed across the foam
Through the moonlit air ?

And by the gloomy peaks of Erigal,
Haunted by storm and cloud,
Wing past, and to thy lover there let fall
His singing robe and shroud ?

Or, where the mists of bluebell float beneath
The red stems of the pine,
And sunbeams strike thro' shadow, dost thou
breathe
The world that makes him thine ?

Or, is thy palace entered thro' some cliff
When radiant tides are full,
And round thy lover's wandering starlit skiff
Coil in luxurious lull ?

And would he, entering on the brimming flood,
See caverns vast in height,
And diamond columns, crowned with leaf and bud,
Glow in long lanes of light,

And there the pearl of that great glimmering shell
  Trembling, behold thee lone,
Now weaving in slow dance an awful spell,
  Now still upon thy throne ?

Thy beauty ! ah, the eyes that pierce him thro'
  Then melt as in a dream ;
The voice that sings the mysteries of the blue
  And all that Be and Seem !

Thy lovely motions answering to the rhyme
  That ancient Nature sings,
That keeps the stars in cadence for all time,
  And echoes through all things !

Whether he sees thee thus, or in his dreams,
  Thy light makes all lights dim ;
An aching solitude from henceforth seems
  The world of men to him.

Thy luring song, above the sensuous roar,
  He follows with delight,
Shutting behind him Life's last gloomy door,
  And fares into the Night.

Thomas Boyd.

FAIRY-SONG

When daisies close and poppies nod,
  And meadow grass to earth is laid,
And fairies dance on moonlit sod,
  Or quaff of dewdrops in the shade,
Come ! gentle dreams, in velvet shod,
  And foot it round each sleeping maid.

Come softly thither, dove-winged flock,
And on their pillows make your nest,
And light as down from puff-ball clock
Let kisses on their eyes be prest,
Then sit upon the couch and rock
Each tender little heart to rest.

Elinor Sweetman.

THE FAIRIES' LULLABY

My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou,
Child of the race of Conn art thou;
My mirth and merriment, soft and sweet art thou,
Of the race of Coll and Conn art thou.

My smooth green rush, my laughter sweet,
My little plant in the rocky cleft,
Were it not for the spell on thy tiny feet,
Thou wouldst not here be left,
Not thou.

Of the race of Coll and Conn art thou,
My laughter, sweet and low art thou;
As you crow on my knee,
I would lift you with me,
Were it not for the mark that is on your feet,
I would lift you away,
and away,
with me.

Elanor Hull.

MIDIR THE PROUD INVITES QUEEN ETAIN TO FAIRYLAND

Come with me, Etain, O come away,
To that Oversea Land of mine!
Where music haunts the happy day,
And rivers run with wine.
Careless we live, and young and gay,
And none saith 'mine' or 'thine.'

Golden curls on the proud young head,
And pearl in the tender mouth—
Manhood, womanhood, white and red,
And love that grows not loth
When all the world's desires are dead,
And all the dreams of youth.

Away from the cloud of Adam's sin!
Away from grief and care!
This flowery land thou dwellest in
Seems rude to us and bare,
For the naked strand of the Happy Land
Is twenty times as fair.

Come, Etain, come to thine ancient home,
And let these mortals be,
Whose world is a glimmer of rainbow foam
On the breast of a boundless Sea!
We shall watch it go, as we watched it come,
From the Kingdom of Faëry.

T. W. H. Rolleston.

ANONN'S ANALL

A Fairy Swing Song

Anonn's Anall is Gaelic for hither and thither, to and fro.

Once I went o'er Sleeping Water,
('Nonn's anall, 'nonn's anall)—
I met King o' Norraway's Daughter,
(Sing, anonn's anall!)
When the Fairies' Pot boils over,
Then to each I shall discover
What sweet boy she choose for lover!
(Sing, anonn's anall!)

Blue Cuckoo came westwards winging,
('Nonn's anall, 'nonn's anall)—
To the branch where we sat swinging,
(Sing, anonn's anall!)
'May Bird, May Bird, specked and glossy,
Nestle in our basket mossy!
Preen thy bossom, fine and flossy!'
(Sing, anonn's anall!)

Long we swung o'er Magic Water,
('Nonn's anall, 'nonn's anall)—
Boy and Bird and Norraway's Daughter,
(Sing, anonn's anall!)
When we'd eaten all our honey,
We implored the Wizard Pony—
'Take us, sir, o'er fordings stony?'
(Sing, anonn's anall!)

We went dry while he went dreeping!
('Nonn's anall, 'nonn's anall)—
Do I wake and was I sleeping?
(Sing, anonn's anall!)
Where slipped Pony through the water?—
Where lost I King Norraway's Daughter?—
Blue Cuckoo?—I haven't brought her!
(Sing, anonn's anall!)

Patrick Joseph McCall.

COME WITH US, MORTAL, COME!

Come with us, mortal, come!
Through the moonlit shades of the forest glades,
Where the fairies meet in their dim retreat,
Come with us, mortal, come!
There the shy dreams creep from the darkness deep
To flutter with noiseless wing,
And the bright-eyed stars 'mid the branching bars
Of the oak and the elm-tree swing.
Where the merry Fays through the wildwood ways
Dance by the firefly's light,
Thou shalt read the runes of the silver tunes
That ring through the dewy night.
By thee the fawn on the dappled lawn
Shall fare to her wonted nook,
And the naiad slip from the reedy lip
Of her cave in the crystal brook.
For the viewless wind shall round thee bind
A spell of the silken twine,

And thy mortal lot shall be all forgot,
And the home that once was thine.
Come with us, mortal, come!

William Macneile Dixon.

WHEN THE TRAVELLER RETURNS

When the traveller returns
And the voyage is o'er,
How the heart in him burns,
How sweet is the shore
With the hills of his youth, and the fields, and the flowers that his footsteps restore.

But the spell of the past
And the spell of the main
That were over him cast,
Will they speak not again
In the sound of the trees, and the waters, in the noise of the wind and the rain?

In the ears of the child
From his taking of breath
Is the voice of the wild
And the word that it saith,
Though the prize be a longing unslaked, and the price of it danger and death.

William Macneile Dixon.

LULLABY

Softly now the burn is rushing,
Every lark its song is hushing,

On the moor thick rest is falling,
Just one heather-blade is calling—
Calling, calling, lonely, lonely,
For my Darling, for my only,
Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O!

Trotting home, my dearie, dearie,
Wee black lamb comes, wearie, wearie,
Here its soft feet pit-a-patting
Quickly o'er the flowery matting,
See its brown-black eyes a-blinking—
Of its bed it's surely thinking,
Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O!

The hens to roost wee Nora's shooing,
Brindley in the byre is mooing,
The tired-out cricket's quit its calling,
Velvet sleep on all is falling—
Lark and cow, and sheep and starling—
Feel it kiss our white-haired darling,
Leanbhain O, Leanbhain O!

Seumas MacManus.

X

—the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies.
Milton.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
Francis Thompson.

HYMN OF THE NATIVITY

Peace in all the world!
The marvellous sweet joy
Of her triumphant fills the meanest thing;
Fain are the beasts to sing
And tell that now is born, is born, a boy!
Shrinks envy back,—
That presence unashamed to-day the world shall lack.

Mary laid on straw
Can touch at last and smell
The body which a burden was so long;
Though faint, she still is strong
To explore the sweetness which in her did dwell.
Crash empires down,
The world—this little warmth—she holds beneath her gown.

Mary, tell to all,
As Joseph thou hast told:
'This child begot of love has come to you,
No love but love I knew,

And love is God's own self,' speak Mary bold,
'Question not more,
But prone before such beauty bless the man I bore.'

Frankincense and myrrh!
The tyrants of the east
Indulge for once a joy to kings denied,
As throwing off their pride
They worship—'mid the litter of a beast.
Hearts ever change
To pity at the thin cry of new life so strange.

'Incense for a sign
Of holiness shall be,
And gold, my son, for token of a king;
Sepulchral myrrh they bring,'
Said Mary fearless, 'for a victory,
Birth cries to death,
And doers e'er have taken shorter lease of breath.'

Rumours of the air
And little words of chance
Her greedy ears received and nothing missed;
The head in quiet was kissed
Once more for each new-gathered esperance.
Night wonders show
The wonder of this life which out of love did grow.

Often to her breast
And aching teats she guides
The merciless small darling mouth—Oh rare,
Reward of pain and care!

Glad day, how conquering joy now pain derides :
Shines through the dun
And murky stable lo ! a light not of the sun.

Crowds for shelter come
Of strangers mixed and odd ;
Silence, as of an empty house, is made
When in the rack is laid
The human fragment newest torn from God,
Sleep early, late,—
Rude strength can but consider thing so delicate.

Did Augustus know,
When forth went the decree
To count his subjects, that a man was come
Outvaluing the sum
Of Roman wealth from the Orient to the Sea ?
Laugh, Mary dear,
Hiding from such an emperor half his empire here.

Deep in earth the flowers
New beauties meditate
And finer blooms for Mary's feet to crush,
When the green life shall gush
From fields and trees now sad in winter state :
Forth, Mother, then,
And show the daffodils a perfect flower of men.

Francis Macnamara.

HOC DIE DOMINUS NOSTER NASCITUR

Go, wind the silvern horn,
And pluck the angelot string,

And viol, lute, and flute make play
For Jesus Christ, the King,
For Jesus Christ, the King.

And as ye wandering go
Chant joyously this lay—
Till earth, and sea, and sky do ring—
'The Christ is born to-day!
The Christ is born to-day!'

No instrument have I
To serve my singing need,
But I, too, fain would pipe His praise
Though 't be upon a reed,
Though 't be upon a reed.

But ye with silvern horn,
Lute, flute, and angelot,
Sing carols meet, and blithe and sweet,
For Christ, the God-Begot,
For Christ, the God-Begot.

Padric Gregory.

CAROL OF JESUS CHILD

'What danger, Mary,
Imagining
To those infant cries
So quick dost spring?'

The lovely lady
She rocked his bed,

She laughed to herself
And, singing, said:
'Lullay, my love,
By-by, lullay,
I fear the darkness,
I fear the day;
A body so quaint
With heaviness
(By-by, lullay)
The air might press.
The ground such lightness
Beneath might rise,
And my flooring sweet
Throw in surprise.
Danger is waiting
By hearth and by way,
Lullay, my love,
By-by, lullay.'

—'If soldiers bristled
In all the trees,
And a tempest each morn
Were hid in the breeze:
No harm could threaten,
Nor hatred wrong,
The child who is kept
For sufferings long.
Who are born to sorrow
God guards well aye.'

—'Lullay, my darling,
By-by, lullay.'

Francis Macnamara.

CHRISTMAS

WHERE is the joy, at whose fair sight
Sorrow must flee?
O little Child, in swaddlings dight,
It is in Thee.

Where is the hope, within whose light
No fear can be?
O little Child of the presence bright,
It is in Thee.

Where is the love, whose gracious might
Makes clean and free?
O Child, in depth, in breadth, in height,
It is in Thee.

Gift of gifts, we know Thee aright,
For eternity,
God of God, and Light of Light,
We have all in Thee.

Emily Hickey.

A FRAGRANT PRAYER

(*After the Irish*)

FRAGRANT the prayer
(Breath o' the rose in air!)
My child taught me.
The Son of Mary bought me:
The Son of Mary craved me:
The Son of Mary saved me.
Fragrant the prayer,
Breath o' the rose in air!

In grey of morn
(Christ was forlorn)
The birds call kindly.
Be not my eyes shut blindly:
The Son of Mary wept me:
The Son of Mary kept me:
In grey of morn,
Christ was forlorn!

O Countenance like the Ember,
Bid me remember
The Lamb of God, sore-taken:
The Lamb of God, forsaken:
The Lamb of God under clay
Three days till Resurrection Day.
O Countenance like the Ember,
Bid me remember!

Alice Furlong.

THE FEILIRE OF ADAMNAN

Ancient Irish Litany

Saints of four Seasons!
Saints of the Year!
Loving, I pray to you; longing, I say to you:
Save me from Angers, dreeings, and dangers!
Saints of Four Seasons!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of Green Springtime!
Saints of the Year!
Patraic and Grighair, Brighid be near!

My last breath gather with God's Foster Father!
Saints of Green Springtime!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of Gold Summer!
Saints of the Year!
(Poesy wingeth me! Fancy far bringeth me!)
Guide ye me on to Mary's Sweet Son!
Saints of Gold Summer!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of red Autumn!
Saints of the Year!
Lo! I am cheery! Michil and Mary
Open wide Heaven to my soul bereaven!
Saints of red Autumn!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of grey Winter!
Saints of the Year!
Outside God's Palace fiends wait in malice—
Let them not win my soul going in!
Saints of Grey Winter!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of the Four Seasons!
Saints of the Year!
Waking or sleeping, to my grave creeping,
Life in its Night, hold me God's light!
Saints of Four Seasons!
Saints of the Year

Patrick Joseph McCall.

SAINT BRIGID

'Mid dewy pastures girdled with blue air,
Where ruddy kine the limpid waters drink,
Through violet-purpled woods of green Kildare,
'Neath rainbow skies, by tinkling rivulet's brink,
O Brigid, young, thy tender, snow-white feet
In days of old on breezy morns and eves
Wandered through labyrinths of sun and shade,
Thy face so innocent-sweet.
Shining with love that neither joys nor grieves
Save as the angels, meek and holy maid!

With white fire in thy hand that burned no man,
But cleansed and warmed where'er its ray might fall,
Nor ever wasted blow, or needed fan,
Thou walk'dst at eve among the oak-trees tall.
There thou didst chant thy vespers, while each star
Grew brighter listening through the leafy screen.
Then ceased the song-bird all his love-notes soft,
His music near or far,
Hushing his passion 'mid the sombre green
To let thy peaceful whispers float aloft.

And still from heavenly choirs thou steal'st by night
To tell sweet Aves in the woods unseen,
To tend the shrine-lamps with thy *flambeau* white
And set thy tender footprints in the green.
Thus sing our birds with holy note and pure,
As though the loves of angels were their theme;

Thus burn to throbbing flame our sacred fires
With heats that still endure;
Thence hath our daffodil its golden gleam,
From thy dear mindfulness that never tires.

Lady Gilbert.

ST. FRANCIS TO THE BIRDS

Little sisters, the birds,
We must praise God, you and I—
You, with songs that fill the sky;
I, with halting words.

All things tell His praise,
Woods and waters thereof sing,
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
And the night and days.

Yea, and cold and heat,
And the sun and stars and moon,
Sea with her monotonous tune
Rain and hail and sleet,

And the winds of heaven,
And the solemn hills of blue,
And the brown earth and the dew,
And the thunder even,

And the flowers' sweet breath,—
All things make one glorious voice;
Life with fleeting pains and joys,
And our brother, Death.

Little flowers of air,
With your feathers soft and sleek,
And your bright brown eyes and meek,
He hath made you fair.

He hath taught to you
Skill to weave in tree and thatch
Nests where happy mothers hatch
Speckled eggs of blue.

And hath children given:
When the soft heads overbrim
The brown nests, then thank ye Him
In the clouds of heaven.

Also in your lives
Live His laws who loveth you.
Husbands, be ye kind and true:
Be home-keeping, wives—

Love not gossiping;
Stay at home and keep the nest;
Fly not here and there in quest
Of the newest thing.

Live as brethren live;
Love be in each heart and mouth:
Be not envious, be not wroth,
Be not slow to give.

When ye build the nest,
Quarrel not o'er straw or wool;

He who hath be bountiful
To the neediest.

Be not puffed nor vain
Of your beauty or your worth,
Of your children or your birth,
Or the praise you gain.

Eat not greedily:
Sometimes for sweet mercy's sake,
Worm or insect spare to take;
Let it crawl or fly.

See ye sing not near
To our church on holy day,
Lest the human-folk should stray
From their prayers to hear.

Now depart in peace:
In God's name I bless each one;
May your days be long i' the sun
And your joys increase.

And remember me,
Your poor brother Francis, who
Loveth you, and thanketh you
For this courtesy.

Sometimes when you sing,
Name my name, that He may take
Pity for the dear song's sake
On my shortcoming.

Katharine Tynan-Hinkson.

I SEE HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE

I SEE his blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of his eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but his voice—and carven by his power
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

Joseph Plunkett.

A TIRED HEART

DEAR Lord! if one should some day come to Thee,
Weary exceedingly, and poor, and worn,
With bleeding feet sore-pierced of many a thorn,
And lips athirst, and eyes too tired to see,
And, falling down before Thy face, should say:
'Lord, my day counts but as an idle day,
My hands have garnered fruit of no fair tree,
Empty am I of stores of oil and corn,
Broken am I and utterly forlorn,
Yet in Thy vineyard hast Thou room for me?'
Wouldst turn Thy face away?
Nay, Thou wouldst lift Thy lost sheep tenderly.

'Lord! Thou art pale, as one that travaileth,
And Thy wounds bleed where feet and hands were riven;
Thou hast lain all these years, in balms of Heaven,
Since Thou wert broken in the arms of Death,
And these have healed not!' 'Child! be comforted.
I trod the winepress where thy feet have bled;
Yea, on the Cross, I cried with mighty breath,
Thirsting for thee, whose love was elsewhere given,
I, God, have followed thee from dawn to even,
With yearning heart, by many a moor and heath,
My sheep that wanderèd!
Now on My breast, Mine arm its head beneath.'

Then, if this stricken one cried out to Thee,
'Now mine eyes see that Thou art passing fair,
And Thy face marred of men beyond compare,'
And so should fall to weeping bitterly,
With, 'Lord, I longed for other love than Thine,
And my feet followed earthly lovers fine,
Turning from where Thy gaze entreated me;
Now these grow cold, and wander otherwhere,
And I, heart-empty, poor, and sick, and bare,
Loved of no lover, turn at last to Thee';
Wouldst stretch Thine hands divine,
And stroke the bowed head very pityingly?

'Will not My love suffice, though great thy pain?
'Ah, Lord! all night without a lighted house,
While some within held revel and carouse,
My lost heart wandered in the wind and rain,

And moaned unheard amid the tempest's din.'
'Peace, peace! if one had oped to let thee in,
Perchance this hour were lost for that hour's gain;
Wouldst thou have sought Me then, with thy new vows?
Ah, child! I too, with bleeding feet and brows,
Knocked all the night at a heart's door in vain,
And saw the dawn begin,
On My gold head the dews have left a stain.'

Katharine Tynan-Hinkson.

THE DIVINE RETRIBUTION

'Upon us and our children be His Blood!'
They cried; and nailed Thee to the bitter rood.
Yet all my hope is in the word they said:
'O may Thy Blood be found upon my head!'

Maurice F. Healy.

SHEEP AND LAMBS

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry,

I thought on the Lamb of God
  Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
  Dewy pastures are sweet:
Rest for the little bodies,
  Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God,
  Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of shame
  Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
  April airs were abroad:
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
  And thought on the Lamb of God.

Katharine Tynan-Hinkson.

QUIA PECCAVI

Whenever I have sought to stray
  From Thy appointed path
Thou hast not set athwart my way
  The barriers of Thy wrath.

Thou hast preferred my soul to win
  By infinite address;
And in the citadel of Sin
  I met Thy tenderness.

Broad was the way before my feet—
A pavement smooth and wide;
I know not in what strange retreat
Thy love had learned to hide.

But when Thou hadst me safe at length
I said to Thee, in awe,
'Thy Sympathy is all Thy strength,
Thy Mercy all Thy Law!'

Maurice F. Healy.

XI

Let my prayer be set forth before Thee like incense.
Psalm cxli.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise.
Cardinal Newman.

LET HIM DENY HIMSELF

When Christ hath spoken to a human heart,
'Take up thy cross—and follow after me,
Renouncing self,' (whether its will be free
To yield up things possessed, or, harder part,
It feel it hath no choice but take pain's smart,
All unassuaged by sense of power :) then he
Whose will gives gladly or bears patiently
Would from the thought of restitution start
Grieved and indignant,—he who once hath poured
His free-will or his patience forth (and meant
His gift should be accepted, though in worth
It were so poor)—he would not see restored
Things he renounced in true abandonment ;
Would not choose Heaven to give joys missed on earth.

Elizabeth D. Dowden.

WEARY

Some grave is known to God,
Some green sequestered sod,
Wrapped in whose fragrant fold
I shall no more grow cold.

And God hath saints who sing,
And holy hands which bring
Offerings and gifts more meet
Than mine, who clasp His feet,

And ask to toil no more,
But, on the golden shore,
To rest, and dream, and be
As God's dead men are, free.

Yet, since He frees me not,
I wait and wonder what
Undreamed-of thing God hath
Better to give than death.

George A. Chadwick.

WITH THE TIDE

On, with the tide, our hearts are drifting ever:
On, with the tide which ebbeth evermore;
On with the Tide of Time, which floweth never
Back to the shore.

On wreck and reef the ebbing water sigheth;
Around our bark the breakers moan and foam;
But Peace is there, beyond the bar, where lieth
Love's deathless home.

Tho' winds be wild, and waves with wrath be hoary,
Thither Faith's sunshine, like a beacon light,
Guides us by day, and signal-stars, in glory,
Speaks us by night.

To steer and cheer, thro' wind and wave's commotion,
O, may those lights, with thee and me, abide,
As our souls drift to Love's unebbing ocean,
Home with the Tide.

Samuel Kennedy Cowan.

ECCE HOMO!

O Head, whereon I seem to see to-night
Drops of the bloody sweat;
O Starry! O sublime with Heaven's delight,
But scarred and thorn-crowned yet!

Look on me, as the thief beheld Thee gaze
And hoped for Paradise.
Shall the grey ashes of my love not blaze,
Rekindled at Thine eyes?

George A. Chadwick.

PRAYER

Praying to Thee, our wills do not require
That Thou, the Lord who doest all things well,
Guiding Thy Word by thy laws immutable,
Shouldst, when some wishes of our hearts suspire
Thee-ward in faith, grant unto the desire
Of each man that which suits his own small need
(Lest others' wishes fail if his succeed,
Being contrary): but lower will to higher
Can, in proud meekness and strong helplessness,
Yield, and own Law as girdling Destiny.

Thou, setting us within fixed bounds, didst give
Great passive strength to human littleness—
Only we cry to Thee for sympathy;
If Thou wilt love us, we can bear and live.

Elizabeth D. Dowden.

MIDNIGHT

The voice of all the hallow desolate sky
On this bleak wind is blown;
The wail of earth's desire and agony
Sobs in the wild-wood's moan;
And there is yet another heavier sigh
Heard of the heart alone.

This murmured in the midmost halls of mirth
Ever since mirth began:
Hearing, we know that all the feast is dearth
And all red roses wan.
O God! for the new heavens, and the new earth,
And the new heart of man.

George A. Chadwick.

EXSEQUIÆ

When the house is haunted by death,
The spectre unseen and unheard,
And the living are scant of their breath,
Though the sleeper hears never a word:

When the grave-sward is trampled to clay,
And the drip of the world-blotting rain
From skies of a passionless grey
Beats true to the pulses of pain;

O Father and Maker and God!
How falters the heart of thy child,
How breathless and cold is the sod,
How lonely the infinite wild!

William Macneile Dixon.

CHRIST IN THE STORM

Those who midst strangest sounds will sleep,
Oft wake at one familiar word;
So Christ, upon the storm-tossed deep,
Slept in the ship, the winds unheard:
But with the cry, 'Save Master, save,'
He heard, uprose, and spake
His mild reproach, and stilled the wave:
And lo! the stars were on the lake.
For louder than the tempest's cry
To Him, was one brief human sigh.

A. St. Clair Brooke.

ADRIFT

Unto my Faith as to a spar, I bind
My Love—and Faith and Love adrift I cast
On a dim sea. I knew not if at last
They the eternal shore of God shall find.

I only know that neither waves nor wind
Can sunder them; the cords are tied so fast
That Faith shall never—Doubts and dangers past,
Come safe to land, and Love be left behind.

Elizabeth D. Dowden.

XII

Know you what it is to be a child?
Francis Thompson.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
Longfellow.

WISHES FOR MY SON

Born on Saint Cecilia's Day, 1912

Now, my son, is life for you,
And I wish you joy of it,—
Joy of power in all you do,
Deeper passion, better wit
Than I had who had enough,
Quicker life and length thereof,
More of every gift but love.

Love I have beyond all men,
Love that now you share with me—
What have I to wish you then
But that you be good and free,
And that God to you may give
Grace in stronger days to live?

For I wish you more than I
Ever knew of glorious deed,
Though no rapture passed me by
That an eager heart could heed,
Though I followed heights and sought
Things the sequel never brought:

Wild and perilous holy things
Flaming with a martyr's blood,
And the joy that laughs and sings
Where a foe must be withstood,
Joy of headlong happy chance
Leading on the battle dance.

But I found no enemy,
No man in a world of wrong,
That Christ's word of Charity
Did not render clean and strong—
Who was I to judge my kind,
Blindest groper of the blind?

God to you may give the sight
And the clear undoubting strength
Wars to knit for single right,
Freedom's war to knit at length,
And to win, through wrath and strife,
To the sequel of my life.

But for you, so small and young,
Born on Saint Cecilia's Day,
I in more harmonious song
Now for nearer joys should pray—
Simple joys: the natural growth
Of your childhood and your youth,
Courage, innocence, and truth:

These for you, so small and young,
In your hand and heart and tongue.

Thomas MacDonagh.

DIMINUTIVUS ULULANS

(*To John Macnamara.*)

Wailing diminutive of me, be still;
Or cry, but spare me that regretful tone,—
Of sorrows elemental waxing shrill,
O you of living things the most alone!
Son, do you thus reproach me and make moan
Because upon Love's chariot I did fly
And a horn winded in the great unknown,
Calling your atoms out to be an I?
Should I have let you in abeyance lie,
Disintegrate another million years?—
Then use your life to teach you how to die
And pass again beyond the reach of tears.
Some day you may forget I dragged you thence,
Perhaps forgive the vast impertinence.

Francis Macnamara.

TO MY CHILDREN, S. AND B. J.

Belovèds, when you smile at me,
It is the birthday of my soul,
It is the day of blossoming;—
The day of welcome to the sun,
When lambs do play and birds do sing,
When flowers blow and glad streams run.
Belovèds, when you smile at me,
Then am I healèd and made whole,
It is the day of blossoming,
It is the birthday of my soul.

The God who loves the Seraphim
Will guard my lambs of snowy fleece,
Will guard my little singing birds ;—
Will make them gentle, make them good,
Will fill their hearts with merry words,
With valour and with hardihood.
The God who loves the Seraphim
Will make a mighty shield of peace
To guard my little singing birds,
My little lambs of snowy fleece.

And I will travel all the way
That you may enter Paradise,
May enter by the pearly gate
The meadows of the blessed sea.
The way that is both long and straight
We'll shorten with good company ;
And I will travel all the way
Among the simple and the wise
That enter by the pearly gate,
That enter into Paradise.

I that should lead, so will be led
By small strong hands and wayward feet,
Because they must not fare forlorn ;
And if I go not who will keep
Your lips from poison, hands from thorn !
And who will lay you down to sleep ?
I that should lead, so will be led
By careless bonds that are most sweet ;
Because they must not fare forlorn,
The small strong hands, the wayward feet.

Under the hawthorns we will play
(As you play now upon the grass),
And see new wonders everywhere;—
And all the flowers like stars will shine,
And you shall wear them in your hair,
And I will wear some too, in mine;
Under the hawthorns we will play,
And watch the stately angels pass,
And see new wonders everywhere—
As you play now upon the grass.

Sylvia Lynd.

A STAR STORY

(*For Cyril*)

Crossing on the steamer when the moon was low,
Dreaming of a hundred things that happened long ago,
I saw the sparkling phosphorous gleaming in the blue
And made the little story that I'm writing out for you.

Long ago in Heaven, before you and I were born,
The baby-stars used wander free from evening until morn.
The hours that you must spend asleep were theirs to spend at play,
Chasing one another up and down the Milky Way.

They were very tiny, so they had no work to do;
Not like all the big stars—red, and green and blue,
That shone in solemn splendour, so that God could plainly see
While He laboured at the building of a world for you and me.

No, the little baby-stars were so extremely small
You'd have to take a telescope to see them there at all;
And the only limit to the order of their play
Was, to go to bed at daybreak, and not be in the way.

But once there was a bold star (I half forget his name—
I think they called him Lucifer, he shone so fair a flame),
And he got a wild ambition, did this wilful little sprite,
To stop up during daytime—as you'd like to do at night.

Now, all the little baby-stars were happy as could be
Until this naughty jackanapes commenced his trickery;
But he made them discontented, and they wearied of their play,
And determined that they wouldn't go to bed that very day.

This was in the springtime, and seven brought the sun ;
By six o'eloek the sandman had called on every-one.
At half-past six, in mild rebuke, God the Father said,
' Time for all the baby-stars to toddle off to bed ! '

Did they disobey Him ? I really cannot tell
What they did, or what they said, or how it all befel ;
But when upon that morning the sun arose at seven
All the little baby-stars tumbled out of Heaven !

Some were lost entirely ; but most fell in the sea,
And there they will be prisoners for all eternity.
But when you go a-sailing, and the night is very blaek,
You'll see the little baby-stars attempting to get baek.

Crossing on the steamer when the moon was low,
Dreaming of a hundred things that happened long ago,
I saw the fallen baby-stars gleaming in the blue,
And made the little story that I've written out for you.

Maurice F. Healy.

TO A LITTLE LAD

I CALL you many a name, my king!
No font-name is enough for me;
All prettiness of call I bring
From fairy-tale and history:
But mostly after two whereon
The light of Shakespeare's spirit fell
I love to call you, little one,
Even after Puck and Ariel.

And hereby, stranger, may you guess
A little of this laddie's kind,
His pretty ways and mischievousness
In Ariel and Puck combined;
His nimble, supple movements—oh,
Full oftentimes I cannot tell
If here be Robin Goodfellow,
Or here be delicate Ariel!

I think I should not wonder much,
My little tricksy Puck, some day
To see the dairy at your touch
Play some queer prank and melt away.
I know when bowls of cream are set
Their calm is very oft assailed;
And sometimes, Puck, you quite forget
That butter fails if cream has failed.

Full often, Ariel mine, you work
Most bravely for an hour or so,
And 'neath your gravity scarce will lurk
A touch of Robin Goodfellow;

But then you claim, as Ariel claimed,
That shortly I should set you free,
And boldly ask, and unashamed,
For time of gladsome liberty.

And, gently be your spriting done,
You never let one quite forget
You want the time of spriting gone,—
Away from task and lesson set!
Away, away, to joyous play,
Such play as Ariel could not know;
You sport with human younglings gay,
More blest than Robin Goodfellow.

I know you often plague your maid,
My bonnie Robin Goodfellow!
And yet I know the girl, unpaid,
Would gladly follow you to and fro;
For you have that within you, dear,
Which somehow seems to cheer and bless:
The ether is always blue and clear
Beyond fleece-clouds of naughtiness.

O laddie, how your voice goes up
In melody at church, as though
Your soul were just an incense-cup
Wherefrom sweet clouds of worship go!
One scarce would think that, in the pause
Antiphonal, it could be true
You fain would eat that apple, was
Under the rose bestowed on you.

But there be times, oh, rarely sweet!
Times when my whole soul knoweth well
Beside me walk an angel's feet,
Not feet of Puck nor Ariel:
A human angel, with the eyes
That sure have met the eyes of God,
In walking through some Paradise
Where feet of mine have never trod.

I have no name to call you by,
My darling, at such time as this;
I only watch you reverently,
And in the silence bend to kiss
The sweetest face and loveliest
Has e'er been looked upon by me,
Who entertain this angel-guest,
Not unawares, but wittingly.

Emily Hickey.

LOVE COMFORTLESS

The child is in the night and rain
On whom no tenderest wind might blow,
And out alone in a hurricane.
Ah, no,
The child is safe in Paradise!

The snow is on his gentle head,
His little feet are in the snow,
Oh, very cold is his small bed!
Ah, no,
Lift up your heart, lift up your eyes!

Over the fields and out of sight,
Beside the lonely river's flow,
Lieth the child this bitter night.
Ah, no,
The child sleeps under Mary's eyes!

What wandering lamb cries sore distressed,
Whilst I with fire and comfort go?
Oh, let me warm him in my breast!
Ah, no,
'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries!

Katharine Tynan-Hinkson.

'THANK YOU.'

'Comme vous etes bon . . .'
'Non, je t'aime,
Voila tout.'

Victor Hugo.

WHY do you thank me, dear,
Say I am kind?
Sometimes, alas, I fear
You must be blind.

Say, does the sun give thanks
To the flowers that lift
Glad faces on hedgerow banks
In the light, his gift?

Are thanks for your right hand meet
When it serves your need?
Do you ever bless your feet
Because of their speed?

Do you thank your eyes that see,
  Or your ears that hear?
Then why give thanks to me,
  My dear, my dear?

You know that you, yes, you,
  Are light to mine eyes.
I love you, love you true—
  How otherwise?

You let me into your heart,
  Do you not know?
You made me of life a part,
  A while ago.

What matters what I may do,
  Or what I may give?
You know I would die for you,
  As for you I live.

Then let me breathe with your breath,
  To your need respond,
Till we come to the gates of death,
  And the great beyond.

Emily Hickey.

AN ISLAND FISHERMAN

I GROAN as I put out
  My nets on the say
To hear the little *girshas* shout,
  Dancin' among the spray.

Ochone ! the childher pass
An' lave us to our grief ;
The stranger took my little lass
At the fall o' the leaf.

Why would you go so fast
With him you never knew ?
In all the throuble that is past
I never frowned on you.

The light o' my old eyes !
The comfort o' my heart !
Waitin' for me your mother lies
In blessed Innishart.

Her lone grave I keep
From all the cold world wide,
But you in life an' death will sleep
The stranger beside.

Ochone ! my thoughts are wild :
But little blame I say ;
An ould man hungerin' for his child,
Fishin' the livelong day.

You will not run again,
Laughin' to see me land.
Oh, what was pain an' throuble then,
Holdin' your little hand ?

Or when your head let fall
Its soft curls on my breast ?
Why do the childher grow at all
To love the stranger best ?

Katharine Tynan-Hinkson.

HELAS!

Ah! little tree, that shone in May
With glistening leaves and blossoms gay,
How show you now the bitter air
Of Time has stripped your branches bare?

You that I loved and praised as one
That seemed a nursling of the sun,
What the bleak soil, what harsh wind blew,
Thus to deform and wither you?

Apparelled in the robe of Spring,
You bloomed so fresh and fine a thing;
Was that most joyous canopy
But a disguise, my little tree?

I loved the blossoms and the green,
And did not stoop to peer between:
Enchanted by the grace of them,
How should I mark the crooked stem?

Sylvia Lynd.

THE OLD WOMAN

The waups cry to their twittering young,
The salmon swims with his three sons,
The bees are merry among the boughs
Where honey-laden flowers are hung;
And I alone, O Pitiful Ones,
Have sorrow's weight on my wan brows,
And hate to see the sun again,

And hate the tides that roll and turn,
For my tall sons I bore with pain
Grew like the rush and withered like the fern.

F. P. Sturm.

THE BALLAD OF LOST LOCHLANN

If I had the house of fir-cones
And birch-boughs Lochlann has
In the old woods of Faughan!
If I had what he has!
Fine webs there for the asking,
To hang round his door,
And the dancing leaves of the beech-trees
As a carpet for his floor.
There his days flit like lapwings,
His nights in a silver wing
Since the gray years keep forgetting
They owe him anything.
Do you wake sadly, Lochlann,
And rise remembering
To hear through leafy lattices
A wake-rife linnet sing?
Every drouthy farmer here,
In his cart of red and blue,
On Fridays, in the market-place,
Has a crow to pluck with you?
Man dear! if they could see you,
It's proudly they would stand
Colloging at the cross-roads,
In a throng town-land:
How this one caught your whistle,

And that one heard you walk:
You would serve three country-sides
For a long Winter's talk:
But the green walls about you
Are dangersome to climb,
And few of them are wise enough
Even if they had time:
The shy beasts of Faughan,
That used to loop away,
Bide fearless by your forest-fire
From dayli'gone to-day.
Though you might be cooking
(Just as lief as not!)
Wee white mushrooms
In a brent-new pot;
Or pulling out the chestnuts
With a hooked-thorn stick;
Or dropping berries, purple-black,
Into cream warm and thick;
Or maybe sitting looking
At apples roasting slow;
Well, neither fawn nor squirrel
Make a move to go!
But Lochlann, lonesome Lochlann!
Did you ever have a dream
Of barefoot children, amber-eyed?
Of ducks on a rushy stream?
Of good sheep in the meadow?
And milch-cows on the hill?
And you going out to fother these
At dew-time cool and still?
And some one watching you

Behind the gable-pane ?
Oh, many's the man has dreamt the like,
And will do so again.
Trees warm and green nigh Lammas
By Holl'ave are dour and black ;
But I think that the barefoot childer
Will bring you wanderin' back.

Florence Wilson.

THE LOST CHILDREN

I PIPE beneath the morning star,
Across the fields of early frost,
My music leads from near and far
The footsteps of the children lost.
Beyond the lands by light forlorn
I bring them to such fields—Ah well !
For my beloved you would not mourn
If they could tell !
—If they could tell !

O piper, thou hast led them hence.
What then ? The tale unwritten lies
Of those sweet hearts of Innocence,
Their wanderings under alien skies.
Shines there the sun ? blows there the wind ?
The butterfly—what share has he ? '
Oh, thou wouldst never more be bind
If thou couldst see !
—If thou couldst see !

Henry De Vere Stackpoole.

THE WEAVER

I was the child that passed long hours away
Chopping red beetroot in the hay-piled barn ;
Now must I spend the wind-blown April day
Minding great looms and tying knots in yarn.

Once long ago I tramped through rain and slush,
In brown waves breaking up the stubborn soil,
I wove and wove the twilight's purple hush
To fold about the furrowed heart of toil.

Strange fires and frosts burnt out the seasons' dross,
I watched slow Powers the woven cloth reveal,
While God stood counting out His gain and loss,
And Day and Night pushed on the heavy wheel.

Held close against the breast of living Powers
A little pulse, yet near the heart of strife,
I followed the slow plough for hours and hours,
Minding through sun and shower the loom of life.

The big winds, harsh and clear and strong and salt,
Blew through my soul and all the world rang true,
In all things born I knew no stain or fault,
My heart was soft to every flower that grew.

The cabbages in my small garden patch
Were rooted in the earth's heart; wings unseen
Throbbed in the silence under the dark thatch,
And brave birds sang long ere the boughs were green.

Once did I labour at the living stuff
That holds the fire, the water and the wind;
Now do I weave the garments coarse and rough
That some vain men have made for vain mankind.

Eva Gore-Booth.

'THEY'RE ONLY WEANS'

'Come in, sir, an' right welcome too;
Wi' rain, I'm sure, ye're drenched clane thro'.
Take off your coat. What's that ye say?
Ye'll not! But aye ye will, in troth.
That's right; och, it's an awful day!
Johneen, git ye up oot o' there,
An' gie the gentleman that chair.
Come up, come up, sir, from the dure;
Ye look near perished wi' the coul'.
Come tae the fire; I'll git a bowl
An' you'll take jist a sup o' broth.
An' sir, ye'll pardon me, I'm sure,
An' dinnae mind the kitchen flure—
Ye cudnae keep it clane: the weans
White[1] sticks the whole day whin it rains;
Ye know I cannae let them oot
Tae play, an' many's the scud an' cloot
They git from me; for sir, in troth!

Sometimes they nearly turn my head,
But after all, sir, whin all's said—
They're weans.
Oeh, aye! they're only weans.'

Padric Gregory.

[1] *To white sticks—to cut or whittle sticks.*

THE FAIRY CHILD

We cleansed a shovel, and put upon it, the unshapely thing in the mother's bed;
And when outside, on a beneh of rushes we set it shrieking, the spaeman said:—
'Come, Fairy Mother, take baek your child!—
We have given him drink, we have given him food;
And our Vanithee to your babe was good;
But he is not born of our flesh and blood!—
Come, Fairy Mother, give baek our ehild!'

We joined our hands and a eirele making, three times we eireled its rushy bed;
But the urehin sereamed like a body burning, and again appealin', the spaeman said:—
'Come Fairy Mother, take back your ehild!—
We will put out food on the harvest sheet,
On the new-mown grass, on the sheaves of wheat—
We will load our dresser with juiey meat!—
Come, Fairy Mother, give back our ehild!'

The thing ceased shrieking and burst out laughing: then shook a peevish but willing head;
But the spaeman seeing its body changed not into the lost one, a third time said:—
'Come, Fairy Mother, take back your child!—
We will build a fire at the night's advance;
We will sweep the hearth that your band may glance,
And no foul feet-water shall meet your glance—
Come, Fairy Mother, give back our child!'

Patrick Joseph McCall.

XIII

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
Burns.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny.
Robert Tannahil.

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY

Air —'The Little Stack of Barley.'

Oh, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my misery,
And the raison that I am not now the boy I used to be;
Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in history,
And sure half the country-side is as lost for her as me.
Travel Ireland up and down, hill, village, vale, and town—
Fairer than the cailin donn, you'll be looking for in vain;
Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy
Than Emperor, without her, be o'er Germany or Spain.

'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her,

And heard her sing the 'Droighnean Donn,' till
tears came in my eyes,
And ever since that blessèd hour I'm dreaming
day and night of her;
The divil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed
to rise.
Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in
tune,
Working, resting, night or noon, she never
laves my mind;
Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary
Cassidy,
'Tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever
find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that
people fight about
To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance
from her eye?
Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they'd
soon go to the right-about
If I thought the curly head of her would be
resting there by and by.
Take all I own to-day—kith, kin, and care away,
Ship them across the say, or to the frozen zone:
Lave me an orphan bare,—but lave me Mary
Cassidy,
I never would feel lonesome with the two of us
alone.

Francis Fahy.

THE UNRULY MEMBER

I WUDN'T for the world let on
The place it happened or the date,
I'll only say his name was John,
An' hers was Kate.

So, ladies, don' unaisy be,
Let me assure you in a word,
Not here in Ballytumulty
The thing occurred.

In this dear glen the weemen kin',
Whether of high degree or low,
To husbands' faults are always blin',
Or nearly so!

Here only harmony an' bliss
In each domestic circle reign,
Altho' it's hard to count on this,
When men complain—

Men with their quare, unsartin ways,
You're niver sure to have them long,
Let weemen try their best to plase,
There's somethin' wrong!

Well, let me tell of gentle Kate,
Her countless merits should be sung,
But, och, it pains me to relate
She had a tongue!

With it to manage John she'd try,
Would nobly press her good advice,
But he, ungrateful, would reply,
Nor take it nice.

At other times to wield her power,
This better plan her love preferred,
She'd hear him talk to her an hour,
Nor speak a word.

Now tho' it tried his patience sore
To hear her eloquence let loose,
Her silent way he dreaded more
Than her abuse.

It fell upon a winter eve
When John, since mornin' in the mire,
Was glad his horse and plough to leave
For kitchen fire.

But when he reached it, cold an' wet,
His worthy partner never stirred,
An' all his kindly greetin' met
Without a word.

Something had happened! that was sure;
In vain its nature John divined,
But very soon her sulks to cure
This plan designed.

The nooks an' corners of the room
He started fiercely to explore,
An' all the time a look of gloom
His visage bore.

The plates that stood in shinin' rows
He searched behind them all in turn,
The pockets of his Sunday clo'es,
The empty churn.

The settle-bed he opened out,
It seemed to him a likely spot,
The quilt an' sheets he flung about,
But found 'it' not.

He looked in every bowl and mug,
Behind the clock were cobwebs cling,
He tried the cracked oul' China jug
That held the string.

Now Kate was meanwhile sittin' by,
Pretendin' not the least regard,
But with the corner of her eye
She watched him hard.

This dhreadful man was sore to bide,
She felt, in throth, quite overcome,
But, och, her temper and her pride
Long held her dumb.

At last the boilin' point was reached,
No longer silent could she be,
She started from her chair and screeched
In lively key.

'John, John, you doited[1] crayther, stop!
What in the world has gone asthray?

[1] *Doited = demented.*

This blessed night I'm fit to dhrop,
What is it, pray ? '

' 'Tis found,' he cried, and danced about ;
' I knew I'd find it soon or late.'
' Found what ? ' she asked him, with a shout,
' *Your tongue, good Kate !* '

Samuel S. McCurry.

THE RACHRAY MAN

Och, what was it got me at all that time
To promise I'd marry a Rachray man ?
An' now he'll not listen to rason or rhyme,
He's strivin' to hurry me all that he can.
' Come on, an' ye *be* to come on ! ' say he,
' Ye're bound for the Island, to live wi' me.'

See Rachray Island beyont in the bay,
An' the dear knows what they be doin' out there
But fishin' an' fightin' an' tearin' away,
An' who's to hindher, an' what do they care ?
The goodness can tell what 'ud happen to me
When Rachray 'ud have me, *anee, anee* !

I might have took Pether from over the hill,
A dacent poacher, the kind, poor boy :
Could I keep the ould places about me still
I'd never set foot out o' sweet Ballyvoy.
My sorra on Rachray, the could sea-caves,
An' blackneck divers, an' weary ould waves !

I'll never win back now, whatever may fall,
So give me good luck, for ye'll see me no more;
Sure an Island man is the mischief an' all—
An' me that was never married before!
Oh think o' my fate when ye dance at a fair,
In Rachray, there's no Christianity there.

Moria O'Neill.

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL

Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of May,
When birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way,
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish *cailin* in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm;
And, oh! her face, and, oh! her grace, and oh! her grace, the soul of saint would charm;
Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm of all
Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her ould plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her—'God save you, miss,' says I;
'God save you, kindly, sir,' said she, and shyly passed me by;

Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,
Imprisoned in the corner of her auld plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,
Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my sight;
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
'The grace of God about you and your auld plaid shawl.'

I've heard of highway robbers that, with pistols and with knives,
Make trembling travellers yield them up their money or their lives,
But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all
To a simple little *cailin* in an auld plaid shawl!

Oh! graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parrisan ladies fair,
But never cloak, or hood, or robe, in palace, bow'r, or hall,
Clad half such witching beauty as that auld plaid shawl.

Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name;

My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are
but small—
You might wrap them all together in an auld plaid
shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her
all through Clare,
I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveller every-
where,
For peace of mind I'll never mind until my own I
call
That little Irish *cailin* in her auld paid shawl.

Francis Fahy.

'MY LOVE IS TALL'

My love is tall an' weel-set-up,
My love is weel-to-do, sir;
An' aeh! I wudnae swop my love
For half a dizen o' you, sir;
Aeh, no! I wudnae swop my love
For half a dizen o' you, sir.

My love he has a eomely head,
Cheeks red wi' rosy light, sir;
An' burnin', sweet, brown-bearded lips,
An' blue eyes shinin' bright, sir;
His fierce, warm kisses on my faee
Are aye my dear delight, sir.

My love wears nae fine clothes, like you,
Nor like you many's a ring, sir;

But I would rather be his bride
Than bride tae any king, sir;
Ach, I would rather be his bride
Than bride tae any king, sir.

A cabin—for us two—he's built,
An' whitened ivery wall, sir;
An' sure! I wudnae swop it,
Not for any prince's hall, sir;
I wudnae swop my wee white house
For any prince's hall, sir.

My love is tall an' well-set-up,
My love is weel-to-do, sir;
An' ach! I wudnae swop my love
For half a dizen o' you, sir;
Ach, no! I wudnae swop my love
For half a dizen o' you, sir.

Padric Gregory.

THE GRAND MATCH

Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin' tongue,—
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was grey-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid inundher her shawl,
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
But she'd not a *traneen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likelier match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
But that was a trifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gold to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his byre,
But far from good-lookin' she sat by his fire,—
An' paid him that 'thrifle' he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought, like a fool, to get round her he'd try;
Wid a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,
She said, 'How is the woman that owns ye?'

Och, never be tellin' the life that he's led!
Sure many's the night that he'll wish himself dead,
For the sake o' two eyes in a pretty girl's head,—
An' the tongue o' the woman that owns him.

Moria O'Neill.

XIV

And let the earth be drunken and carouse !
For lo, into her house
Spring is come home with her world-wandering feet.
Francis Thompson.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet.
Thomas Nashe.

IN APPLE TIME

I CANNOT rest for thinking of the Apples of Peace,
That grow on Aidan's Tree in the Town-land of Straid ;
Whole nights I lie dreaming of wavering, fruited shade
Under low, mossy boughs, by blue, sleepy seas.

Though seven Fuchsias cover my thatched doorway in
With little scarlet tassels, red as the heart's deep blood,
I go weary for blossoms full of the honeyed flood
Of dreams, misty with moonshine and starshine thin.

There's a white road from the mountains I might rise and take ;
But the hare's track through the heather is homely and kind,
For I could travel on it to places out of mind,
Where old woods keep the wind from the weeded lake.

I will follow the streams till I come to Aidan's
Tree,
And I pray it be gray dew-time when white-moths
are stirred,
So that I may not miss the nesting song of a bird,
Before the apple-branches close around me.

Florence Wilson.

VIOLETS

Violets full, and the wild birds' song,
Where the leaves grow green;
Where wild flowers blow, and the blackbirds
throng
In their haunts unseen;
Where the primroses peep,
Here let me lie,
Let me lie,
Till I drink, in my sleep,
A memory of flowers
From the unforgotten hours,
And the perfume of the days gone by.

Violets closed, and the wild birds hushed,
Where the dead leaves fall!
O the days when our sunrise flushed
Red rays over all!
Where the brown owls peep,
Here let me lie,
Let me lie,
Where the years fell asleep,

Let me mourn for the flowers
Of the unforgotten hours,
And the perfume of the days gone by.

George Arthur Greene.

SONG OF FINN IN PRAISE OF MAY

From the Irish

May Day! delightful day!
Bright colours play the vales along.
Now wakes at morning's slender ray,
Wild and gay, the blackbird's song.

Now comes the bird of dusty hue,
The loud cuckoo, the summer-lover;
Branching trees are thick with leaves;
The bitter, evil time is over.

Swift horses gather nigh
Where half dry the river goes;
Tufted heather crowns the height;
Weak and white the bogdown blows.

Cornerake singing from eve till morn,
Deep in corn, a strenuous bard!
Sings the virgin waterfall,
White and tall, her one sweet word.

Loaded bees of little power
Goodly flower-harvest win;
Cattle roam with muddy flanks;
Busy ants go out and in.

Through the wild harp of the wood
Making music roars the gale—
Now it slumbers without motion,
On the ocean sleeps the sail.

Men grow mighty in the May,
Proud and gay the maidens grow;
Fair is every wooded height,
Fair and bright the plain below.

A bright shaft has smit the streams,
With gold gleams the water-flag;
Leaps the fish, and on the hills
Ardour thrills the flying stag;

And you long to reach the courses
Where the slim, swift horses race,
And the crowd is ranked, applauding,
Deep about the meeting-place.

Carols loud the lark on high,
Small and shy, his tireless lay,
Singing in wildest, merriest mood
Of delicate-hued, delightful May.

T. W. H. Rolleston.

ETERNAL SPRING

The lawn is bright with stars of celandine,
The violets lurk on every fragrant hill,
Where the gold trumpets of the daffodil
Shake in their frondage lanceolate and green.

The creamy primrose fills the deep ravine
With perfumed coverts, by the rustling rill
Where soon the cuckoo's shout, re-echoing shrill,
Shall wake the cushat's note, low-voiced, serene.

Eternal youth of Earth! renascent skies!
Year calls to year, and spring succeeds to spring:
There is no end, though generations fall.
So men arise, and cease, and re-arise
Beneath the shade of Time's all-sheltering wing:
There is no end, and Heaven is over all.

George Arthur Greene.

APRIL

Swift flight of swallow-wings
Against a roof of blue
That opens here and there
To let the sunbeams through.

Light over all the Earth,
A flood of white joy spread—
I feel the new life stir
The ground beneath my tread.

It fills the robin's song,
It swells the bark of trees,
And capers o'er the lips
With every passing breeze.

And Hope was borne this morn,
And Care died with the snow,
And hand-in-hand with Spring
To greet my love I go.

Elanor Rogers Cox.

A SPRING IDYLL

On my hangings of arras
Dewdrop and sunlight commingle,
The music of woods that are endless,
And infinite seas
That come with the voices
Of storm or of calm to the shingle
In the lilac grey blush of the dawn,
On the sensuous breeze.

So full of promise is earth
As a child's gentle laughter,
The sapphire tints of the water
Are fair to the eyes—
The present is only,
I know not a past nor hereafter,
And forth from my covering
Of saffron and ermine I rise.

Patrick MacGill.

ROBIN

When the first leaf, breaking tether,
Yet sighs and clings,
Robin sings
First word of the sweet things
Said by the little folk of feather
For cheer of wintry weather.

Thrush will follow,
Midway 'twixt flight and coming home of swallow ;

Then, the peal of bells golden
From some ash-tree olden !—
Or, as it might be, winds astir
Where golden daffodillies are,
Till they all ring together,
As the winds take
Them by the rushy lake,
In the March weather !

But Robin is
Like violet, I wis :
Coming with good cheer
In the Cold-of-year.

Sing, pretty sprite,
Thy song, wistful and wise,
In withering leaf's despite !
I listen, with wet eyes,
Yet not sad because of dying things,
While Robin sings ;
But with heart uplifted,
As I beheld, amid drifted,
Dead February grasses, set
A violet !

Then prosper, and be strong,
First Flower in the wreath o' the Year's Song !

Alice Furlong.

A SOFT DAY

A soft day, thank God !
A wind from the south,

With a honeyed mouth;
A scent of drenching leaves.
Briar and beech and lime,
White elder-flower and thyme
And the soaking grass smells sweet,
Crushed by my two bare feet,
While the rain drips,
Drips, drips, drips from the eaves.

A soft day, thank God!
The hills wear a shroud
Of silver cloud;
The web the spider weaves
Is a glittering net;
The woodland path is wet,
And the soaking earth smells sweet
Under my two bare feet,
And the rain drips,
Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

W. M. Letts.

THE HEATHER GLEN

There blooms a bonnie flower
Up the heather glen,
Though bright in sun—in shower
'Tis just as bright again!
I never can pass by it,—
I never dare go nigh it,—
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glen!

Sing, O, the blooming heather!
O the heather glen!
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men!
I never can pass by it,—
I never dare go nigh it,—
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glen!

There sings a bonnie linnet,
Up the heather glen,
The voice has magic in it
Too sweet for mortal men!
It brings joy down before us,
With winsome mellow chorus,
But sings far, too far, o'er us
Up the heather glen!

Sing, O, the blooming heather!
O the heather glen!
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men!
I never can pass by it,—
I never dare go nigh it,—
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glen!

O might I pull the flower
Blooming in that glen,
No sorrow that could lower
Would make me sad again!

And might I catch that linnet,—
My heart—my hope are in it!
O heaven itself I'd win it
Up the heather glen!

Sing, O, the blooming heather!
O the heather glen!
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men!
I never can pass by it,—
I never dare go nigh it,—
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glen!

George Sigerson.

XV

The fairest things in life are Death and **Birth,**
And of these two the fairer thing is Death.
Francis Thompson.

. . . out of sorrow have the worlds been **built.**
Oscar Wilde.

THE HEATH

Through the purple dusk on this pathless heath
Wanders a horse with its rider, Death.
The steed like its master is old and grim,
And the flame in his eye is burning dim.

The crown of the rider is red with gold,
For he is lord of the lea and the wold.
A-tween his ribs, against the sky,
Glimmers the stars as he rideth by.

A hungry scythe o'er his shoulder bare
Glints afar through the darkening air,
And the sudden clank of his horse's hoof
Frightens the Wanderer aloof.

Thomas Boyd.

DUNLANG O'HARTIGAN

Lament of Aoibbell, the Fairy Queen

'Tis my bitter grief and sorrow,
On this awful morrow,
That I cannot win for thee thy breath,
Back from Death,
Dunlang O'Hartigan!

I had given thee in my liosses
My heart's brimming kisses—
I had charmed thee all the evening long
With sweet song,
Dunlang O'Hartigan!

But when Murrough, Son of Brian,
Called thee, youthful lion!
From my kiss and song of tuneful flow
Thou wouldst go,
Dunlang O'Hartigan.

Vain my pleading, prayer, and weeping,
To hold thee in keeping!
My own cloak to thee I then did yield
For thy shield,
Dunlang O'Hartigan.

On Clontarf's red plain I found thee
With that cloak around thee;
I alone saw thee like lightning go
Through the foe,
Dunlang O'Hartigan.

It was there at brink of even,
Murrough cried, sore driven:
'Where is he that loved me lingering now—
Where art thou,
Dunlang O'Hartigan!'

It was there, when foes were flying,
I heard thee replying,

Flinging off the cloak that kept thee clear—
'I am here,
Dunlang O'Hartigan.'

Through thee, that dear friend caressing,
Winged a dart distressing!
Ah! thou wouldst have known a happier kiss
In my lios,
Dunlang O'Hartigan!

Patrick Joseph McCall.

THE FAERY EARL

Oh, who is this comes ridin',
Ridin' down the glen?
It is one of our own Red-Branch Knights
Or one of the King's men?

With feathers on his helmet,
And gold upon his shield,
His horse is shod with silver shoes,
He ridin' through the field!

Oh, this is not a Red-Branch,
Nor one of the King's men,
But this is faery Desmond
Come ridin' back again.

'O lady of the Castle,
O lady with gold hair,
O lady with eyes of pity,
Come down the grey tower stair.

'For I may ask a question,
And you may answer me,
When the sun is red in the forest,
And the moon is white on the sea.'

Says she, 'Sir, ask your question,
And I will answer you;
At sunset or at moonrise
God send that I speak true!

'I know you by your helmet,
And by your voice so sweet,
And by your coal-black charger
With silver on his feet.

'God send you, faery Desmond,
To come back to your own.'
Says he, 'Your answer, lady,
Before the sun goes down.

'I'm ridin' ever and ever,
Over the land and sea;
My horse's shoes of silver,
How long will they last me?'

The lady stood and pondered,
The salt tear in her eye—
'Oh, would that I had magic
To make a wise reply.

'Oh, will they wear for ever,
Or will they wear out fast?

Will he ride home this even'
And stable his horse at last ? '

' Sweet lady, quick, your answer ! '
' Now, God, what can I say ?—
Those silver shoes will last, sir,
To ride till Judgment Day.'

He turned, that faery horseman,
And shook his bridle rein :
' Now, come the Day of Judgment
Ere I ride home again.'

The sun went down in the forest,
The moon shone bright as pearl,
The lady lay in the castle,
And died for the Faery Earl.

And ye will see him ridin'
Ridin' down the glen,
Over the seas and the rivers,
Over the hill and the plain.

Ye'll see the plume on his helmet
Wafting among the trees,
And the silver shoes of his charger
Chasin' the moonlit seas.

He's ridin' ever and ever,
He'll ride till Judgment Day ;
Oh, when that ride is over,
May he ride home, we pray !

Lady Gilbert.

THE NOBLE LAY OF AILLINN

Prince Bailè of Ulster rode out in the morn
To meet his love at the ford;
And he loved her better than lands or life,
And dearer than his sword.

And she was Aillinn, fair as the sea,
The Prince of Leinster's daughter,
And she longed for him more than a wounded man,
Who sees death, longs for water.

They sent a message each to each:
'Oh, meet me near or far';
And the ford divided the kingdoms two,
And the kings were both at war.

And the Prince came first to the water's pass,
And oh, he thought no ill,
When he saw with pain a great grey man
Come striding o'er the hill.

His cloak was the ragged thunder-cloud,
And his cap the whirling snow,
And his eyes were the lightning in the storm,
And his horn he 'gan to blow.

'What news, what news, thou great grey man?
I fear 'tis ill with me.'
'Oh, Aillinn is dead, and her lips are cold,
And she died for loving thee.'

And he looked and saw no more the man,
But a trail of driving rain.
'Woe! woe!' he cried, and took his sword
And drave his heart in twain.

And out of his blood burst forth a spring,
And a yew-tree out of his breast;
And it grew so deep, and it grew so high,
The doves came there to rest.

But Aillinn was coming to keep her tryst,
The hour her lover fell;
And she rode as fast as the western wind
Across the heathery hill.

Behind her flew her loosened hair,
Her happy heart did beat;
When she was 'ware of a cloud of storm
Came driving down the street.

And out of it stepped a great grey man,
And his cap was peaked with snow;
The fire of death was in his eyes,
And he 'gan his horn to blow.

'What news, what news, thou great grey man?
And is it ill to me?'
'Oh, Bailè, the Prince, is dead at the ford,
And he died for loving thee.'

Pale, pale she grew, and two large tears
Dropped down like heavy rain,

And she fell to earth with a woeful cry,
For she broke her heart in twain.

And out of her tears two fountains rose
That watered all the ground,
And out of her heart an apple-tree grew
That heard the water's sound.

Oh, woe were the kings, and woe were the queens,
And woe were the people all;
And the poets sang their love and their death
In cottage and in hall.

And the men of Ulster a tablet made
From the wood of Bailè's tree,
And the men of Leinster did the like
Of Aillinn's apple-tree.

And on the one the poets wrote
The lover-tales of Leinster,
And on the other all the deeds
That lovers wrought in Ulster.

Now when a hundred years had gone
The King of all the land
Kept fast at Tara, and he bade
His poets sing a strand.

They sang the sweet, unhappy tale,
The noble Aillinn's lay.
'Go, bring the tablets,' cried the King,
'For I have wept to-day.'

But when he held in his right hand
The wood of Bailè's tree
And in his left the tablet smooth
From Aillinn's apple-tree,

The lovers in the wood who kept
Love-longing ever true,
Knew one another, and at once
From the hands of the King they flew.

As ivy to the oak they clung,
Their kiss no man could sever—
Oh, joy for lovers parted long
To meet, at last, for ever!

Stopford A. Brooke.

THE OLD HERMIT'S STORY

The storms may roar and the seas may rage,
But here, on this bare, brown rock,
I pray and repent and I tell my beads,
Secure from the hurricane's shock.

For the good, kind God, in pity to me,
Holds out His protecting hand;
And cold nor heat nor storm nor sleet
Can molest me where I stand.

I robbed the churches and wronged the poor,
And grew richer day by day,
But now on this bare, brown ocean rock,
A heavy penance I pay.

A bloated sinner died unshrived,
And they brought his corse to me—
'Go, dig the grave and bury the dead,
And pray for the soul set free.'

I dug the grave, but my hands were stayed
By a solemn and fearful sound,
For the feeble tones of a dead man's voice
Came up from the hollow ground!

The dead monk speaks up from the grave—

Place not that pampered corse on mine,
For my bones are weak and thin;
I cannot bear the heavy weight
Of a body defiled by sin.

I was a weak and holy man;
I fasted and watched and prayed;
A sinner's corse would defile the clay
Where my wasted body is laid.

The old hermit continues his story—

The voice then ceased, and I heard no more
Its hollow, beseeching tone;
Then I closed the grave, and left the old monk
To rest in his coffin alone.

My curragh sailed on the western main,
And I saw, as I viewed the sea,

A withered old man upon a wave;
And he fixed his eyes on me.

He spoke, and his voice my heart's blood froze,
And I shook with horror and fear;
'Twas the very voice of the dead old monk
That sounded in my ear!

The dead monk speaks again—

Far from my grave the sinner's corse
In unhallowed clay lies deep;
And now in my coffin, undefiled,
For ever in peace I sleep.

Go live and pray on the bare, brown rock,
Far out in the stormy sea;
A heavy penance for heavy crimes,
And heaven at last for thee!

The old hermit ends his story—

And here I live from age to age;
I pray and repent and fast:
An otter brings me food each day,
And I hope for Heaven at last.

The tempests roar and the billows rage,
But God holds forth His hand,
And cold nor heat nor storm nor sleet
Can harm me where I stand.

Patrick Weston Joyce.

LA BELLE YSEULT

YSEULT, from whom Chapelizod, near Dublin, takes its name, was, legends say, daughter of Aonghus, King of Ireland. The love story of Trystan and Yseult is of world-wide fame.

WEEP this Irish maid of the blue-black hair,
And of eyes like dawns o'er her isle beyond!
Know, all men, this Fairest of Maidens Fair—
She was Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!
The dark damoiselle,
Yseult la Belle—
Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!

Hath a land such skies? Yea, o'er Liffè's wave,
Heaven's greys and azures each morn respond
To eyes her father for birthright gave
His young Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!
His dark damoiselle,
Yseult la Belle—
Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!

Whoe'er brightly loveth holds life for long;
Whoe'er darkly loveth gives Death his bond—
He hath forfeit taken and stilled the song
Of young Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!
This dark damoiselle,
Yseult la Belle—
Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!

Dead claim their quick! Not alone she lies:
By her side sleeps Trystan that loved so fond,

Nor finds it gleamless where shine the eyes
  Of his Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!
    His dark damoiselle,
    Yseult la Belle—
  Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!

Sleep, thou Bravest Brave, and thou Fairest Fair!
  Lovers, love-a-mourning, do not despond;
Plant a vine for him, a wild rose for her—
  For dead Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!
    Our dark damoiselle,
    Yseult la Belle—
  Yseult la Belle d'Yrlond!

Patrick Joseph McCall.

PARSIFAL COMES TO KLINGSOR'S CASTLE

Seven days had passed while through the forest-
land
Southward he rode, and now on either hand
The crowded stems grew thinner as the way
Mounted, and here and there grim rocks and grey
Thrust upward through the soil. At length he
rode
Into a long ravine, where his horse trode
With many a stumble, in the stony bed
Of a dry torrent. Then on foot he led
The weary beast still upward, and the light
Failed, till the large moon of a southern night
Hung o'er the savage glen. Lofty and bare
But for the writhen pines that rooted there

In fissur'd rocks, the frowning walls arose
Towering about him, seeming to enclose
A space, with outlet none, save for the track
By which he came. At last, a gorge, all black
Unvisited by any ray of light
From sun or moon, where immemorial night
Lay ever couch'd, he found ; and winning through
With toil and pain, upon his eyes a view
Of wildering beauty burst. A garden there
Lay spread before him. In the upper air
Darkly the plumes of many a palm-tree hung.
Along each path to crag or tree-stem clung
Long trailers, starr'd with blossom, whose rich scent
Fill'd all the moonlit air. A deep content
Sang in the low voice of a little stream
That murmur'd through the vale, with wandering gleam
Lighting the shadowy meads. Beyond these bowers
Of Paradise, arose the glimmering towers
Of a great palace builded fair and well,
That drank the sleepy moonshine as it fell
On dome and fretted wall. Parsifal star'd
Rapt with the magic vision—then he far'd
Joyfully on, but ere he could attain
The carven gateway of that palace, fain
Was he to halt once more, for in his way
Beneath o'erarching boughs of moonwhite May,
Even as at first, he saw before him stand
The Lady of the Forest. One small hand
Caught to her bosom a long cymar's fold,

Translucent, shot with gleams of woven gold
Through which the sheen of lovely side and limb
Show'd like drown'd marble in the sea-tides dim.
Her night-black tresses were unbound, her feet
Bare in the grass: she seem'd in that retreat
Its beauty's very soul, unearthly fair,
Beyond mortality or grief or care.

T. W. Rolleston.

THE KING'S SON

Who rideth thro' the driving rain
At such a headlong speed?
Naked and pale he rides amain
Upon a naked steed.

Nor hollow nor height his going bars,
His wet steed shines like silk;
His head is golden to the stars,
And his limbs are white as milk.

But lo, dwindles as a light
That lifts from a black mere!
And as the fair youth wanes from sight
The steed grows mightier.

What wizard by the holy tree
Mutters unto the sky,
Where Macha's flame-tongued horses flee
On hoofs of thunder by?

Ah, 'tis not holy so to ban
The youth of kingly seed;

Ah, woe, the wasting of a man
That changes to a steed!

Nightly upon the Plain of Kings
When Macha's day is nigh
He gallops; and the dark wind brings
Its lonely human cry.

Thomas Boyd.

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA

From the Irish

My grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll!
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble
Would he and I wear,
In the province of Leinster,
Or County of Clare?

Were I and my darling—
O, heart-bitter wound!—
On board of the ship
For America bound,

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day,

And my love came behind me—
He came from the South—
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

Douglas Hyde.

THE WARNINGS

I WAS milking in the meadow, when I heard the banshee keening:
Little birds were in the nest, lambs were on the lea,
Upon the brow o' the Fairy-hill a round gold moon was leaning—
She parted from the esker as the Banshee keened for me.

I was weaving by the door-post, when I heard the Death-watch beating:
And I signed the Cross upon me, and I spoke the Name of Three.
High and fair, through cloud and air, a silver moon was fleeting—
But the night began to darken as the Death-watch beat for me.

I was sleepless on my pillow when I heard the
Dead man calling,
The Dead man that lies drowned at the bottom
of the sea.
Down in the West, in wind and mist, a dim white
moon was falling—
Now must I rise and go to him, the Dead who
calls on me.

Alice Furlong.

THE SONG OF THE GHOST

When all were dreaming but Pastheen Power,
A light came streaming beneath her bower,
A heavy foot at her door delayed,
A heavy hand on the latch was laid.

'Now who dare venture at this dark hour,
Unbid to enter my maiden bower?'
'Dear Pastheen, open the door to me,
And your true lover you'll surely see.'

'My own true lover, so tall and brave,
Lives exiled over the angry wave.'
'Your true love's body lies on the bier,
His faithful spirit is with you here.'

'His look was cheerful, his voice was gay;
Your speech is fearful, your face is grey;
And sad and sunken your eye of blue,
But Patrick, Patrick, alas, 'tis you.'

Ere dawn was breaking she heard below
The two cocks shaking their wings to crow.
'O hush you, hush you, both red and grey,
Or you will hurry my love away.'

'O hush your crowing, both grey and red,
Or he'll be going to join the dead;
O cease from calling his ghost to the mould,
And I'll come crowning your combs with gold.'

When all were dreaming but Pasthcen Power,
A light went streaming from out her bower,
And on the morrow when they awoke,
They knew that sorrow her heart had broke.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

THE BALLAD OF ADEELA

The minstrel stood without the postern gate,
The castle loomed dark 'gainst a lilac sky;
He sang—'Adeela, here alone I wait,
Come, sweet! the night's love hours are sweeping by.'

The sentinels within the castle's keep—
Knowing their liege long since the youth had slain—
Crossed themselves, and in tones low and deep,
Murmured 'Lord Jesu' o'er and o'er again.

A haunting song of mingled joy and grief
A nightingale trilled from a neighbouring tree;
Adeela cried—'Bird, let thy song be brief,
Thou canst not vie with my love's lutany!'

Then left her room—bright as a young moon's beam—
And crept like moon-beam down the turret-stair,
Threw wide the gate, and stood with eyes agleam,
But lo ! the minstrel was not waiting there !

For long she listened nigh the open gate,
From mid the distant shadows came a cry—
'Adeela, here along for thee I wait,
Come, sweet ! the night's love-hours are sweeping by.'

She heard her loved one's longing call again,
And fleet as hawthorn-bloom by June-wind blown,
She sped across the meadows to a glen—
Wherein was reared a simple marble stone.

Stretched on his grave, she wept a little space,
And tore the white flow'rs she had planted there,
Then in among them hid her wan, white face,
And cursed her father in her wild despair !

Her grim sire's men searched hill, and dale, and lawn,
His heralds cried in sleeping village mart;
They found her in the glen, at red of dawn,
But cold her brow and still her passionate heart.

. . . . . .

And still—the good folk say—without the gate,
When loom the dark towers 'gainst a lilac sky,
They hear—'Adeela, here alone I wait,
Come, sweet! the night's love-hours are sweeping by.'

And many a prayer they offer for her soul,
That from her sorrows Christ may set her free
And grant their twain hearts rest, while ages roll,
And quiet thus—the ghostly lutany.

Padric Gregory.

THE MONK LAUNCELOT REMEMBERS GUENEVERE

At the tower's base, the misty sea
Answered the murmuring northern rain:
'I shall not hear,' said Launcelot,
'The murmur of her voice again.'

He drew the monk's hood round his face,
That was so strangely worn and thin,
Not worn—God pardon him—with prayer,
But by the fierce desire within.

He cried; 'Would God that I might die,
And not remember any more.'
He loosed the Missal's brazen clasp
And turned the painted pages o'er.

With aching eyes he read the words;
To weary souls, O Lord, give rest.
But in his heart he cried: 'The Queen
In Glastonbury beats her breast,

And ceaseless penance, endless prayer,
Pale the red lips my lips have pressed.

'And I too suffer, night by night,
In this fierce mind that sleepeth not:
A tall, pale woman slowly moves
Across a sunny garden-plot,
Or beckons me among the trees
At Carleon and Camelot;

'Or seated by the bloodless King
She glances with low-lidded eyes—
God! she is now as far from life
As silken queens on tapestries.

'What are these monkish tales to me
Of saintly lives and holy tears?
Or Mary's hands or Mary's eyes,
I who remember Guenevere's?
Lost Queen, it is to you I tell
The rosary of the sliding years.

'I would die gladly could I see
Your white face in the dusk once more
Bend over me—' With trembling hands
He turned the Missal's pages o'er.

'I would die gladly could I hear
The murmur of your voice again.'
At the tower's base the misty sea
Answered his voice amid the rain.

F. P. Sturm.

IF I BE LIVING IN ÉIRINN

A Girl's Song

If I be living in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
In Spring o' the year,
When the birds go a-sweeting,
And the lands are in ear;
I shall think of my meeting
With my Love and my Dear!
He first kissed me in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
In Spring o' the Year!

If I be living in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
Next Midsummer Day,
When the small birds go singing,
And the green fields are gay:
My red cloak o'er me flinging,
By the sea I shall stray!
For he left me in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
On Midsummer Day!

If I be living in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
On All Souls' Night,
When the birds' song is over,
And fields lose their light;
I shall walk with my lover
O'er lands misty white!

I shall meet him in Éirinn—
In Éirinn—
On All Souls' Night!
Patrick Joseph McCall.

SISTER ANNE

Sister Anne in the lonely lane,
The cry is far of the hungry strands,
And the lamps gleam small in the long gray rain,
Where you come to soothe with your holy hands
The weak old sailors from stranger lands.

Oh, why do you weep where the lamp-light lies,
Sister Anne in the lonely lane?—
The little dead children have closed their eyes,
And the little white mothers have numbed their pain,
And hark no more to the long grey rain.

And the weak old sailors with trembling lips
Are dreaming the dreams that the days forget,
Of the white strong sails of the breasting ships!—
And only your desolate shadow yet
Creeps over the pavement black and wet.
Vincent O'Sullivan.

THE FAIRY WELL OF SLEMISH

'Twas the grey of the evening when Shaun came over
The mountain's shoulder by Torloch's tower;

Like clustered pearls lay the dew on the clover,
One pale star burned through that dew-grey hour.

He came to the fairy well of Slemish,
In the cool, green moss like a gem it lay,
And he thought of the girl without blame or blemish,
The dark, proud girl who had said him nay.

He stooped to drink of the sweet well-water,
To the moss-grown stones he bent a knee,
'Oh, sweet as the kiss of a High King's daughter
Is the Well of Forgetfulness,' said he.

'Oh, sweeter far than the sweet well-water
Are the lips of love,' said a voice, and he
Looked up and beheld the High King's daughter
Of Tir-na-n-Oge in the realms of Sidhe.

'Drink three deep draughts,' spoke the High King's daughter,
'And the wish of your heart I can give,' said she.
'Oh, I have drunk deep of the sweet well-water,
And the wish of my heart is yourself,' said he.

He kissed her lips as the poppies scarlet,
He made her heart on his heart to lie;
While the rain of tears that one gold starlet
Fell through the dusk down the opal sky.

Then away with them over the purple heather,
By dark fir-wood, and by starlit brae,
Their silvery laughter ringing together,
And nor sight nor sign of them since that day.

Cathal O'Byrne.

HE CAME ON HOLY SATURDAY

He came on Holy Saturday
And stood against the bed,
At dawn on Holy Saturday,
And standing there, he said:
'The God is dead, nor shall he rise
For ever from the dead.'

I drove him coldly from the door
On Holy Saturday,
Out in the fog and mist and sleet
I sent him on his way,
And then forgot his bitter words,
And turned again to pray.

To-night on Holy Saturday
The weary ghost came back,
And laid his hand upon my brow,
And whispered me, 'Alack!
There sits no angel by the tomb,
The Sepulchre is black.'

Vincent O'Sullivan.

XVI

Full fathoms five thy father lies.
Shakespeare.

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
Matthew Arnold.

'TWAS PRETTY TO BE IN BALLINDERRY

'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry,
'Twas pretty to be in Aghalee,
'Twas prettier to be in little Ram's Island,
Trysting under the ivy tree!
Ochone, ochone!
Ochone, ochone!
For often I roved in little Ram's Island,
Side by side with Phelimy Hyland,
And still he'd court me and I'd be coy,
Though at heart I loved him, my handsome boy!

'I'm going,' he sighed, 'from Ballinderry,
Out and across the stormy sea;
Then if in your heart you love me, Mary,
Open your arms at last to me.'
Ochone, ochone!
Ochone, ochone!
I opened my arms; how well he knew me!
I opened my arms and took him to me;
And there, in the gloom of the groaning mast,
We kissed our first and we kissed our last!

''Twas happy to be in little Ram's Island,
But now 'tis as sad as sad can be;
For the ship that sailed with Phelimy Hyland
Is sunk for ever beneath the sea.'
Ochone, ochone!
Ochone, ochone!
And 'tis oh! but I wear the weeping willow,
And wander alone by the lonesome billow,

And cry to him over the cruel sea,
'Phelimy Hyland, come back to me!'

Alfred Perceval Graves.

DUNDRUM BAR

They sailed away with never a care,
Under the light of moon and star,
For the tide was full and the wind was fair
At Dundrum Bar.
Five good fishermen, steady and brave,
Ready to battle with wind and wave,
Each for his own,
With their nets aboard, all trim and strong,
They sailed away with a cheer and a song,
Sou'-sou'-east, toward Annalong,
Where deep seas moan.

Five good fishermen, brave and strong,
Readily, steadily, each for his own,
Lowered their nets off Annalong,
Where deep seas moan.
Toiling, moiling the livelong night,
Readily, steadily, under the light
Of moon and star,
Sailed they, tacked they, swift and slow,
Out and about, and to and fro,
Till the moon went down and the tide was low
At Dundrum Bar.

Lamps on the land through the livelong night,
Steadily gleaming, broad and far,

Streamed, like a golden lane of light,
Thro' Dundrum Bar.
Beacon-lamps of home were they,
Trimmed by true hands lovingly,
Each for her own;
Lamps, alas! that thro' the dark
Never again shall light their bark,
Lying alone and low and stark,
Where deep seas moan!

All night long and the livelong day,
Watching, waiting, each for her own,
Gazed they fondly, and far away,
Where deep seas moan.
Gazed till, lo! before the gale,
Was it sail, or seaweed pale,
Or shattered spar
Saw they, drifting still and white,
All in the lane of golden light,
Shed by the shore-lamps, shining bright,
Thro' Dundrum Bar?

It was neither seaweed pale,
Neither sail nor shattered spar,
Drifting ashore before the gale,
Thro' Dundrum Bar.
Nay, but the corse of one was it
Whose ghost the lamps of love had lit
Back to his own;
For love from love no death can keep,
For love is mighty, and love is deep
And vast as the graves of them that sleep
Where deep seas moan.

'It is the ghost of the dead,' said they,
'All from the grave, come back to his own!
A messenger-spirit from far away
Where deep seas moan—
A pilot-soul, in its foam-shroud white,
That comes to tell us that Love's dear light
No death can mar;
But back to its own the soul will roam,
Whether its own be near or far:
Like his whose corse, in its shroud of foam,
Lies in the light of the lamps of home
At Dundrum Bar!'

Samuel Kennedy Cowan.

THE ROCK OF CLOUD

And a Cloud came up over the deep
The third day out from land
That none could see his shipmate's face
Nor the helm in his own hand.

Now bitterer than the mild sea-mist
Hath ship no enemy,
But we heard a chanting in the fog
On the cold face of the sea
By night, and lay upon our oars
To sound that mystery.

And we thronged up into the bow
And hailed with might and main
'*What hell-spawn or what spirit thou?*'
And the lone voice came again,

Came as of one so evil-starred
  That he hath done with grief,
In monotone as clear and hard
  As the bell swung from a reef,

'I am a man—would I were none!
  Row hither! Ye may hear,
Yet shall not save nor bring me home
  Seek ye ten thousand year!'

'*Keep a stout hope!*' 'Nothing I keep.'
  '*Man alive*' . . . 'Spare your speech!'
'*We are upon thee*!' 'Nay, no rope
  Over the gap shall reach.'

'*Who art thou?*' 'I was a helmsman once
  On many a ship of mark:
Through a many a pitchy night I steered,
  But there came a night too dark.

'In the middle watch we struck, we sank;
  I reached this rock of wings
Whereby from every boulder's flank
  The brown sea-ribbon swings.

'Here, while the sole eye of the Sun
  Did scorch my body bare,
A great Sea-Spirit rose and shone
  In the water thrill'd with hair . . .

'She lay back on the green abyss,
  Beautiful: her spread arms

Soothed to a poise—a sob—of bliss
  Huge thunders and alarms.

'Her breasts as pearl were dull and pure,
  Her body's chastened light
Swam like a cloud; her eyes unsure
  From the great depths were bright.

'There was no thing of bitterness
  In aught that she could say,
She call'd my soul, as down a coast
  The Moon calls bay beyond bay,
And they rise—back o' the uttermost—
  Away, and yet away:—

'"I chose thee from the sinking crews,
  I bore thee up alive;
Now durst thou follow me and choose
  Under the world to dive?

'"Come! we will catch, when stars are out,
  The black wave's spitting crest,
And still when the Bull of Dawn shall spout
  Be washing on abreast!

'"Or thee a flame under the seas
  Paven with suns I'll hide
Deathless and boundless and at ease
  In any shape to glide.

'"All waters that on Earth have well'd
  At last to me repair.

All mountains starr'd with cities melt
Into my dreamy air!

'"Set on thy peak under the brink
I'll shew thee storms above,
The stuff of kingdoms: they shall sink
While thou dost teach me love;
On beaches white as the young moons
I'll sit and fathom love!"'

And we cried '*By God! 'twas hard for thee*
At that song not to go,
And let thy heart take heed no more
When the spirit call'd thee so!

'*What answerd'st thou?*' 'From over sea
I felt a sighing burn
That made this wrathy rock to me
More delicate than fern:

'And faint as moth-wings I could hear
Tops of the pine-tree sway
And the last words spoken in mine ear
Before the break of day.

'And I cried out sore, sore at the heart
For her that sleeps at home
"Brightness, I will not know thine art,
Nor to thy country come!"

'Straightway she sank,—smiling so pale,—
But from the seethe up-broke,

Never thrash'd off by gust or gale,
White everlasting smoke.

'By stealth it feels all over me
With numbness that appals;
It laps my fierce heart endlessly
In soft and rolling walls.

'A mist no life may pass—save these
Wave-wing'd, with shrieking voice,
Stars I discern not, nor the seas.'
'*O dost not rue thy choice?*'

'Rue it? Now turn back to the deep,
For I doubt if men ye be! . . .'
And answer came to us no more
Out of that mystery.

Lost was that voice! we sprang to oars
And pulled on, weeping loud,
All night in earshot of the shores,
But never through the cloud.

Herbert Trench.

GREY

Lone, lone, monotone, moan the bells on the shoal:
They are rung, run and tolled by the young sailor's soul.

Poor ghost! he is cold, and at home he would be,
But he roams through the mist and the noise of the sea.

And he tolls, tolls the bells, as they rise, as they fall,
And calls to his mother, who hears not his call.

The mother sits close by the fire in the warm,
Knitting little brown mittens to keep him from harm,

Thinking, 'Comes he in gold coach or with his feet bare,
Dear Lord, bring him home to his mother's soft care!'

But ah! the good ship has gone down in the fog,
And nothing comes back, neither chart, neither log.

Alone, all alone, he is tossed here and there—
Adrift with the tangled seaweed in his hair.

And down the steep street to his kind mother's door
Never more will her pretty boy come, nevermore.

No pall, funeral, with the priest bowing down—
Nor body nor soul will come back to the town.

But in the dark corners the poor mother weeps,
And prays for her sonnie, and prays that he sleeps. . . .
Dull tone, monotone, moan the bells on the shoal.

Vincent O'Sullivan.

THE DROWNED FISHERMAN

Because of your love, O, Padraic A-Hartigan!
'Tis like some God-forgotten star I am this many a day,
Though the life is left within my breast, 'tis my heart that is far away,
For your bed is the ocean's bed—a wraith on a sullen sea,—
And the white bird's call in the darkness brings your cry, your cry to me.

My sorrow and my sorrow, O, Padraic A-Hartigan!
My seven curses upon the ocean, and my curse on its many ills,
For 'tis I that loved the mountains, God's own grey heathy hills,
But the sea kept a-calling, a-calling you,—'twas the woe o' the banshee's cry,
And I see in my dreams the storm-tossed boat and a wan face drifting by.

Youth o' my love, O, Padraic A-Hartigan!
The day is dreary, the night is long when the bay with mist is hid,
And the clank o' oars in the gloaming sounds like clay on a coffin lid;
By the swell o' ground seas 'cross the bar, through the years shall your caoine be cried,
And never till storm and waves are stilled shall the tears in my eyes be dried.
O, youth o' my sorrow, Padraic A-Hartigan!

Cahir Healy.

THE HOUR OF FATE

Things dead, and things unborn are flying,
And thinly wail on the wind to-night,
Like hungry changlings, I hear them crying
Round the dark moon's den, in the wan starlight.

My saint and angel have hid their faces,
My dead sins daunt me with spells to-night,
And sins unborn tempt from unseen places:
Their glamour works in the wan starlight.

The Past betrays me, the Future thralls me,
Fate's hour of power is my hour of blight;
My frail soul falters—the dread voice calls me:
The deed I hate I shall do to-night.

John Todhunter.

IN THE MIDNIGHT

A splash on the dusky water,
A cry on the winter air,
As from the pit abysmal
Rises a soul's despair.

The human ghouls of midnight
Shiver beneath the snow,
The painted women in terror
Stand, and listen, and—go.

Up in the deep of heaven,
Gloomy and ghostly grey,

The cry of the lost one falters—
Falters, and dies away.

Only a cry in the darkness,
Only a swirl in the tide,
Only a sinful woman
Crossing the Great Divide!

Patrick MacGill.

JOHN-JOHN

I DREAMT last night of you, John-John,
And thought you called to me;
And when I woke this morning, John,
Yourself I hoped to see;
But I was all alone, John-John,
Though still I heard your call;
I put my boots and bonnet on,
And took my Sunday shawl,
And went, full sure to find you, John,
At Nenagh fair.

The fair was just the same as then,
Five years ago to-day,
When first you left the thimble men
And came with me away;
For there again were thimble men
And shooting galleries,
And card-trick men and Maggie-men,
Of all sorts and degrees;
But not a sight of you, John-John,
Was anywhere.

I turned my face to home again,
And called myself a fool
To think you'd leave the thimble men
And live again by rule,
And go to mass and keep the fast
And till the little patch:
My wish to have you home was past
Before I raised the latch
And pushed the door and saw you, John,
Sitting down there.

How cool you came in here, begad,
As if you owned the place!
But rest yourself there now, my lad,
'Tis good to see your face;
My dream is out, and now by it
I think I know my mind:
At six o'clock this house you'll quit,
And leave no grief behind;—
But until six o'clock, John-John,
My bit you'll share.

The neighbours' shame of me began
When first I brought you in;
To wed and keep a tinker man
They thought a kind of sin;
But now this three year since you're gone
'Tis pity me they do,
And that I'd rather have, John-John,
Than that they'd pity you,
Pity for me and you, John-John,
I could not bear.

Oh, you're my husband right enough,
But what's the good of that?
You know you never were the stuff
To be the cottage cat,
To watch the fire and hear me lock
The door and put out Shep—
But there, now, it is six o'clock
And time for you to step.
God bless and keep you far, John-John!
And that's my prayer.

Thomas MacDonagh

XVII

The four boards of the coffin lid
Heard all the dead man did.
Swinburne.

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears.
Shelley.

HUNTING SONG

The hunt is up! the hunt is up!
It sounds from hill to hill,
It pierces to the hidden place
Where we are lying still;
And one of us the quarry is,
And one of us must go,
When through the arches of the wood
We hear the dread horn blow.

A huntsman bold is Master Death,
And reckless does he ride,
And terror's hounds with bleeding fangs
Go baying at his side;
And will it be a milkwhite doe,
Or little dappled fawn,
Or will it be an antlered stag
Must face the icy dawn?

Or will it be a golden fox
Must leap from out his lair,
Or where the trailing shadows pass
A merry, romping hare?
The hunt is up, the horn is loud
By plain and covert side,
And one must run alone, alone,
When death abroad does ride,

But idle 'tis to crouch in fear,
Since death will find you out;
Then up and hold your head erect,
And pace the wood about,

And swim the stream, and leap the wall,
  And race the starry mead,
Nor feel the bright teeth in your flank
  Till they be there indeed.

For in the secret hearts of men
  Are peace and joy at one.
There is a pleasant land where stalks
  No darkness in the sun,
And through the arches of the wood
  Do break, like silver foam,
Young laughter, and the noise of flutes,
  And voices singing home.

Sylvia Lynd.

AÏ, AÏ

(*Provençal*)

Aï, Aï, to-day,
Wide grave, take that you may,
A lump of clay.

Aï, Aï, we just
Give back as give we must,—
A pinch of dust.

Aï, Aï, what worth
Love or hate, grief or mirth
Or death, or birth?

Aï, Aï, we go,
Lost footprints in the snow,
Grasses laid low.

Aï, Aï, Aï,
The river finds the sea,
And where go we ?

Eleanor Alexander.

THE TRIAD OF THINGS NOT DECREED

(*Adapted from the Irish*)

Happy the stark bare wood on the Hill of Bree !
To its grey branch, green of the May : song after sigh ;
Laughter of wings where the wind went with a cry.
My sorrow ! Song after sigh comes not to me.

Happy the dry wide pastures by Ahenree !
To them, in the speckled twilight, dew after drouth :
White clover, a fragrance in the dumb beast's mouth.
My sorrow ! Dew after drouth comes not to me.

Happy Oilean Aela[1] in the ample sea !
To its yellow shore, long-billowed flood after ebb :
Flash of the fish, silver in the weeds' web.
My sorrow ! Flood after ebb comes not to me.

Alice Furlong.

[1] Pronounced *Elawn Ackla, the Island of Acaill.*

MOUNTAIN VOICES

Overhead the waters falling
Where the hills are riven apart ;

Mystic mountain voices calling—
Mountain voices vainly calling:
There is silence in my heart.

Now Before is gone, and After
Drags along with saddened smart;
Echoes rise of children's laughter—
Rise, and fall, of children's laughter:
There is silence in my heart.

Mountain Voice! now wild and eery,
Now so sweet! whate'er thou art,
Let me go, for I am weary—
Worn, forlorn and very weary:
There is silence in my heart.

George Arthur Greene.

A DIRGE

Fade, fall, O leaf!
Pass out of sight, nor yet in aught complain
That thou must die, and o'er thy dismal bed
The Spring shall pass with voice of joy again,
Though thou art dead.

Fade, fall, O leaf!
Winter sits weeping by the year's dark urn
In widow weeds, but Spring will come anon,
And Summer's jocund pipings will return
When thou art gone.

Fade, fall, O leaf!
All earthly things must die and pass away;

The sceptre from the monarch's hand must fall,
Mortal like thee: we live our little day,
And that is all.

Fade, fall, O leaf!
Beauty's bright blushes, love's own golden voice,
Woman's pure sweetness, manhood's majesty,
All things that in this fleeting world rejoice,
Must lie with thee.

Sir Samuel Keightly.

LONG AGO

How swiftly rise, and fall,
The waves of this lone bay;
Responsive to the call
Of Cynthia's sway!

So, in my silent breast,
For ever ebb and flow
The thoughts, that find no rest,
From long ago.

A. St. Clair Brooke.

SONG

Bring from the craggy haunts of birch and pine
Thou wild wind, bring,
Keen forest odours from that realm of thine,
Upon thy wing!

O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,
  Blow through me, blow!
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind,
  From long ago.

John Todhunter.

A SOLDIER'S WAKE

And this is all she has to lay
  To-night upon the snowy sheets
Before the friends who come the way,
  And, sighing, take their humble seats—
This medal, bravely, dearly won,
Poor token of her gallant son.

But over this, as nought beside
  Of him she loved to her remains,
The lights are lit, the *keen* is cried,
  And women croon in saddest strains.
While men who knew his boyhood well,
Say, foes went down before he fell.

These clasps and medal; only these!
  For this she nursed and loved him long,
She rocked him softly on her knees,
  And filled his ears with pleasant song,
And saw him, with a mother's pride,
Grow up and strengthen by her side.

Till bright with manhood's glowing charms,
  He in his turn her nurse became,

He clasped her in his manly arms,
And fondly propped her drooping frame.
Her step grew weak, her eye grew dim,
But then she lived and moved in him.

He went; he joined the deadly fight,
His true heart loved her not the less;
But these are all she has to-night
To light and cheer her loneliness—
Those silver honours, dearly won,
Poor tokens of her gallant son.

But even these, to-morrow morn,
When lights burn out and friends depart,
Shall round her withered neck be worn,
Shall lie upon her weary heart
Till death, for his dear memory's sake,
And then—shall deck another wake.

T. D. Sullivan.

XVIII

That hoary man had spent his live-long age
In converse with the dead

Shelley.

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall.

Browning.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER

A GRIM old man with a weazened visage—
What does he dream of toiling there?
Rest should be meet for a man of his age,
Old and weary—but who may care?
There, when the dawn's bright pennon waves,
There, when the fleeting eve fails dimly,
Aloof and alone he labours grimly,
Earning a living, digging graves.

So much a grave, and a soul's in Heaven;
So much a grave, and a soul's in Hell:
For old-world death makes matters even,
The sexton profits, and all is well.
All is well—but the lover raves,
And tears are wet on the downeast lashes.
'Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,'
Ponders the sexton, digging graves.

Some go into the House of Pleasure,
Some go into the House of Gloom;
The miser hoards up his garnered treasure,
The treasure the rust and moth consume.

Alas! for the wealth the miser saves,
In the House of Pain or the House of Passion,
'He'll need it not in the House I fashion'—
Chuckles the sexton, digging graves.

All are his tenants, lord and lady,
Villain and harlot of low degree,
Simpering saint, and sinner shady,
Every manner of companie,
Their homes with brainless skulls he paves,
Lily white as alabaster.
'Even the brainless know I'm master,'
Muses the sexton, digging graves.

But there he labours, the cynic sexton,
For all men toil and the sexton must;
Waiting betimes for the silent next one,
Next—not last, to the House of dust.
This is the Home of squires and slaves,
Still from the hall, and stiff from the hovel.
'I'll house them alike with my pick and shovel,'
Chuckles the sexton, digging graves.

Patrick MacGill.

THE PATERNOSTER OF THE CANNON

Father of the thunder,
Flinger of the Flame,
Searing stars asunder,
Hallowed be thy name!

By thy sweet-sung quiring,
Sister bullets hum,
By our fiercest firing
May thy kingdom come!

By thy strong apostle
Of the Maxim gun,
By his penteeostal
Flame, thy will be done!

Give us, Lord, good feeding
To thy battle sped—
Flesh white grained and bleeding,
Give for daily bread!

Shane Leslie.

ABELARD TO HELOISE

A FOOL sang past the cloister wall,
'Ask all of Love, for Love knows all.'
And lo! my questions of the soul—
The how and when, the source and goal,
And why this bubble blown of space?—
Are asked and answered in your face!
Love puts the wise man's heart to school
To learn the wisdom of the fool.

'Ask not the skies: delve not the land
Love's answer lies beneath your hand,'
The fool sang on. Oh! very sweet
The shuffle of the brethren's feet
Along the floors: a woman's dress

Was in the sound, the No and Yes
Of all desire: and in the swerve
Of the swung bell a bosom's curve;
And ruin in your dream-found eyes
For the proud folly of the wise.

James H. Cousins.

SONG

He climbs his lady's tower, where sail
  Cold clouds about the moon,
And at his feet the nightingale
  Sings—Sir, too soon, too soon!

He steals across his lady's park,
  He tries her secret gate,
And overhead the saucy lark
  Sings—Sir, too late, too late!

Eleanor Alexander.

THE BEE

Away, the old monks said,
  Sweet honey fly
From lilting overhead
  The lullaby.
You heard some mother croon
Beneath the harvest moon.
Go, hum it in the hive,
  The old monks said,
For we were once alive
  Who now are dead.

Shane Leslie.

THE YELLOW BITTERN

THE yellow bittern, that never broke out
In a drinking bout, might as well have drunk,
His bones are thrown on a naked stone
Where he lived alone like a hermit monk.
O yellow bittern! I pity your lot,
Though they say that a sot like myself is curst—
I was sober a while, but I'll drink and be wise,
For fear I should die in the end of thirst.

It's not for the common birds that I'd mourn,
The blackbird, the cornerake or the crane,
But for the bittern that's shy and apart
And drinks in the marsh from the lone bog-drain.
Oh! if I had known you were near your death,
While my breath held out I'd have run to you,
Till a splash from the Lake of the Son of the Bird
Your soul would have stirred and waked anew.

My darling told me to drink no more
Or my life would be o'er in a little short while;
But I told her 'tis drink gives me health and strength,
And will lengthen my road by many a mile.
You see how the bird of the long, smooth neck
Could get his death from the thirst at last—
Come, son of my soul, and drain your cup,
You'll get no sup when your life is past.

In a wintering island by Constantine's halls
A bittern calls from a wineless place,
And tells me that hither he cannot come
Till the summer is here and the sunny days.
When he crosses the stream there and wings o'er the sea,
Then a fear comes to me he may fail in his flight—
Well, the milk and the ale are drunk every drop,
And a dram won't stop our thirst this night.

Thomas MacDonagh.

THE OLD LURE

(*Fleet Street*, 1912)

When the gaunt night covers the city,
And the fog drifts down the wind,
I sit in my study thinking
Of the pals I left behind;
And the old lure of the old life
Enters into my mind.

I'm sick of the books before me,
And the sorry lore that they hold;
And I long for the full-blooded lusty youth,
That passed like a tale that's told.
Oh! the old life is the sweetest life;
And my heart goes back to the old.

Dibble and drift and drill,
Ratchet and rail and rod,

Shovel and spanner and screw,
Hard-hafted hammer and hod,
The rattle of wheels on the facing points,
And the smell of the rain-washed sod,

The call of a wondrous past
Is throbbing in my heart-strings,
The danger lights aflare
Where the hooded signal swings,
The clash of the closing blades,
As the straining point-rod springs.

The old friend is the best friend,
He who has stood the test;
The old song is the sweetest song,
Sweeter than all the rest.
And the old life that I left behind
Is far and away the best.

When I go back to the old pals,
'Tis a glad, glad boy I'll be;
With them will I share the doss-house bunk,
And join their revels with glee;
And the lean men of the loan shacks
Shall share their tucker with me.

My hobnailed bluchers I shall put on,
Firm in welt and vamp,
And get me moleskin and corduroy,
Proof to the dirt and damp,
And sweat on the swift with the navvy-men,
And doss again with the tramp.

Where the sunsets flame on the offside track
  Amber and cochineal,
Where the dawn breaks, a waking rose,
  I'll beg and starve and steal,
Or hash with the stiff-lipped navvy-men,
  And feel as I used to feel.

'Tis oh! for the hot plate reeking red,
  When the naphtha lamps are lit,
As the jokes go round the gambling school,
  Told with a ready wit.
The well-won rest of a slavish day,
  The joy and glamour of it.

Sick indeed of the city am I,
  Its make-believe and its show,
The roar and rush of the crowded streets
  Where men run to and fro,
For I've hashed in the drift for seven year,
  And back to the drift I'll go,
Back to the men of the lone lank lands
  And the pals of long ago.

Patrick MacGill.

XIX

To them was left a simple art.
Lord Houghton.

Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!
Browning.

UPON THE HILLS THE SHEPHERDS FEED THEIR FLOCKS

(*Athens*)

Upon the hills the shepherds feed their flocks.
  Afar the sea—the violet-tinted sea—
Still floods in foam around the Pontic rocks,
  And with the golden sun holds revelry;
Lulling the hyacinths with drowsy rhyme,
  About Pentelicus still floats the bee;
All is as fair as in the olden time,
  All is as fair as then—
    But where are ye?

Sweet spoke the wild birds when ye sailed away
  Across the sea, the dark and sterile sea,
And still they tell the self-same tales to-day
  To lovers whispering 'neath the ilex tree.
Men's hearts are young and Eros still doth wear
  His magic, and the voiceless poetry
Of violets still fills the warm spring air.
  All still is fair as then—
    But where are ye?

Where art thou now, O Pindar? in what land,
Demosthenes, what tongue now dost thou speak?
Far from the plane trees by the spring wind fanned,
Far from Piraeus where the blue waves break.
The plane trees bend them to the winds of spring,
And echoes answer to the breaking sea;
Sweet from the olive groves the wild birds sing
For ever of their love—
But where are ye?

Henry De Vere Stackpoole.

AD POETAM

O poet of the golden mouth, on you
God's benison for music sweet and true.

Your web of song is full divinely wove;
A warp that's joy across a woof that's love.

If rudest thorns have sharply pierced your hand,
Blest, with the Rose upon your heart, you stand.

If you have known the awe and gloom of night,
Your element was still the eternal Light.

If you have tasted bitter woe and teen,
More wholesome-sweet for that your song has been,

And to the music dropping from your tongue
No taste of morbid gall has ever clung.

No pestilential sloughs of decadence
Have ever clogged your spirit, fouled your sense.

In vital grace and virile sanity,
Of earth and heaven, O poet, you are free.

Sing on, sing on, the strain he knoweth best
Who hath the heavens' blue road, the earth's brown nest.

Emily Hickey.

BEETHOVEN

Music as of the winds when they awake,
Wailing, in the mid forest; music that raves
Like moonless tides about forlorn sea-caves
On desolate shores, where swell weird songs and break
In peals of demon laughter; chords athirst
With restless anguish of divine desires—
The voice of a vexed soul ere it aspires
With a great cry for light; anon a burst
Of passionate joy—fierce joy of conscious might,
Down-sinking in voluptuous luxury;
Rich harmonies, full-pulsed with deep delight,
And melodies dying deliciously
As odorous sighs breathed through the quiet night
By violets. Thus Beethoven speaks for me.

John Todhunter.

SAMUEL HENRY BUTCHER

Dowered with the glamour of his native isle,
That fired his tongue and lit his ardent gaze,

That lent enchantment to his radiant smile,
And grace to all his ways;

He spread the light of Hellas, holding high
The torch of learning with a front serene,
A living witness of the powers that lie
Within the golden mean.

And whether in the groves of Academe,
Or where contending factions strive and strain
In the mid-current of life's turbid stream,
His honour knew no stain.

Heedless of self, he played a knightly part,
Bowing to none but Duty's stern decrees.
Nil peccavisti unquam, noble heart,
Nisi quod mortuus es.

Charles L. Graves.

THE DREAMER

(*Marsh's Library, St. Patrick's, Dublin*)

When clouds from Shadowland descend
And memories whisper in his ear,
He seeks some book instead of friend,
To find a far more wholesome cheer,
The covers open in his hand
And open gates of Fairyland.

His books are friends—his friends are books
All old and faded, fat and thin;

He little heeds their outward looks,
With the sweet thoughts that lie within;
For though their coats are frayed and old,
They wrap round many a heart of gold.

Hearts that once thrilled to hopes and fears,
The joy of life; the blot, the blur:
In dreams he dreads the twilight years
And feels the dust of ages stir:
Then ghosts step in from far and wide
Of those who lived and loved and died.

He dreams and again, and lo, Romance
Starts quivering from her mouldering urn,
And Chivalry's steel-flaming lance
And stately, nodding plumes return.
Then long dead poets wake with song
This pilgrim from the starry throng.

Randal McDonnell.

EPILOGUE

THE ASSIGNATION

Fame singing in the highways, and trifling as she sang, with sordid adventurers, passed the poet by.

And still the poet made for her little chaplets of song to deck her forehead in the courts of Time: and still she wore instead the worthless garlands, that boisterous citizens flung to her in the ways, made out of perishable things.

And after a while whenever these garlands died, the poet came to her with his chaplets of song, and still she laughed at him and wore the worthless wreaths, though they always died at evening.

And one day in his bitterness the poet rebuked her and said to her:—'Lovely Fame, even in the highways and the byways you have not forborne to laugh and shout and jest with trivial men; and I have toiled for you and dreamed of you, and you mock me and pass me by.'

And Fame turned her back on him and walked away; but in departing she looked over her shoulder and smiled at him as she had not smiled before, and, almost speaking in a whisper, said:

'I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the workhouse, in a hundred years.'

Lord Dunsany.

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PRESS OPINIONS

The Ulster Folk. By Padric Gregory.

The Nation.—'. . . In "The Ulster Folk" Mr. Padric Gregory sings gaily and freshly to old tunes, and puts his personality into his verse. . . .'

The Spectator.—'Mr. Padric Gregory's "The Ulster Folk" is a series of folk-songs reconstructed from floating airs and fagments still to be found in Down and Antrim. Apart from their historical interest, these ballads show a real poetic sense and a delightful skill in the use of the Ulster dialect. . . .'

Manchester Courier.—'. . . Mr. Gregory has collected many of the old folk-songs of Antrim and Down, . . . he has also obtained some fragments—the beginnings, endings, and odd verses—of other songs, and these he has worked into form much as Professor Owen used to reconstruct the entire skeleton of an extinct animal from odd bits of bone. The result is altogether delightful. Apart from the intrinsic charm of the pieces, such work is of great value to all students of literature. . . .'

Glasgow Herald.—'This is an interesting little book of songs, some of them written, in Burns's way, round fragments gathered from old folks in Ulster; . . . the songs have a more delicate touch than is usual in modern Scottish poetry. It is more lyrical and less "made," and has some of that simplicity which art cannot reach and which baffles imitation. They seem to mirror faithfully a simpler mode of living than ours, a life remote from commercialism, and so, to some extent, unspoiled.'

Literary World.—'These humorous or pathetic poems in the dialect of Antrim and Down are sometimes founded on snatches of folk-songs and sometimes independent compositions. They are refreshingly direct, and have something of the old ballad-flavour so rare in Ireland. . . . Mr. Gregory retains a pleasant sense of humour, now too seldom, alas! admitted into Irish compositions; we are forgetting how to laugh in the green Island.'

T.P.'s Weekly.—'The author has collected many of the old folk-songs of Antrim and Down. . . . Where only snatches of song or incomplete versions could be obtained, he has completed them. Being a poet, they are the better for it. Because a dead peasant has forgotten part of a song, it is no reason why a living poet should not remember it. The poems have lilt and humour and pathos, and are not for Ulster alone, but for many.'

Manchester Guardian.— '. . . "The Ulster Folk" by Padric Gregory, which has a special accent not very often heard outside that debatable land . . . Again, there is an echo of Burns in some of the older rhymes after which these new ones are scored. . . .'

Old World Ballads. By Padric Gregory.

The Irish Review.—'. . . a long ballad that is Scots in form, vocabulary, and substance. "The Ballad of Master Fox" has all the concrete grisliness of the type, and the writer has been able to carry it on without the reader been left to question once his words, his incidents, or the characters he presents. . . .'

The Irish News.—'. . . Four of the ballads will have special interest for Irish men and women, as they deal with the Rebellion of 1798. In recent years no man has attempted to portray the sufferings of Ireland at that dreadful period of her history with such success as Mr. Padric Gregory. His work may be realistic and sinister in tone, but it expresses truly the harsh and iron spirit of an age that is dead. . . .'

The Irish Rosary.—'. . . "The Ballad of Master Fox" is a strange and terrifying piece of work. The finish is perfect . . . possesses all the colour and life of an old Ballad, and that peculiar weakness of form which is the product of infinite pains. . . . It certainly deserves a place in Percy's Reliques or the Border Minstrelsy. . . .'

The Athenæum.—'Framed on Old-world models, these ballads have successfully caught the Old-world spirit. In the Ballads of the Irish rebellion of 1798, written in the Ulster folk-dialect, Mr. Gregory is at his best. . . .'

The Irish Book-Lover.—'. . . the author presents us with three classes of ballads. First, in the manner of the Border Ballads, in which he uses the dialect of the district skillfully, due, doubtless, to his northern upbringing. In his second class he deals with traditions he has heard nearer home of the sad events of '98, and he renders these poetically, but with a tragic intensity as befits the subject, that thrills one. . . .'

The Ulster Guardian.—'. . . has given us in "The Ballad of Master Fox" a poem which deserves a place in Percy's Reliques . . . like the true poet he is, Mr. Gregory can thrill and shock without disgusting. His skill in rhythm, his happy choice of the right homely word for a homely form of versification, his abandonment where emphasis of inconceivable horrors is required, his self-restraint where the imagination can fill in sufficient horrors for itself, these are the arts which particularly struck us . . The Ballad of Adeela is full of charm, and while of course on a less ambitious scale, displays the qualities which will make the "Ballad of Master Fox" a poem that will not readily die. . . .'

The Northern Whig.—'. . . Of late we have seen a new interest in the Ballad; Mr. G. Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse" is an authentic addition to poetry; Mr. Masefield has tried his hand at it in his own way; and, to go a little further back, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," though derived rather from the "Ancient Mariner" than from the Border minstrelsy, remains Oscar Wilde's final contribution to literature. In "The Ballad of Master Fox" Mr. Gregory, unlike these writers, has aimed less at an adaptation than at a reconstruction. The work is an uncannily clever piece of thinking back, not merely as regards form, but in its expression of the mediæval attitude . . . and the manner in which he modifies the verse to reflect the varying moods of the tale displays fine artistry. . . .'

Butler & Tanner, Frome and London.

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